

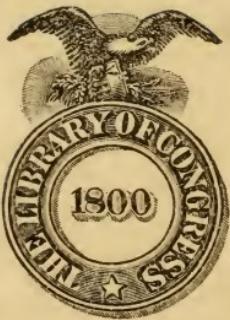
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ECLECTIC ENGLISH CLASSICS

Shakespeare, William

SHAKESPEARE'S
THE TEMPEST

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TEMPEST

W. P. I

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201

INTRODUCTION

THE DATE OF THE TEMPEST

Of the thirty-seven plays that have come down to us from the pen of Shakespeare very few can be precisely dated as to the time of their composition.

Although this inexactness applies in the case of *The Tempest*, there are reasons for thinking that Shakespeare wrote this play very near the end of his career. We know that the more he wrote the better he wrote. If we were to compare *The Tempest* with one of his early plays, as, for example, the comedy of *Love's Labour's Lost*, we should at once be aware of a very wide difference between them. The earlier play, though bearing the distinguishing quality which we call Shakespearean, is yet one which might very well have come from the hand of a man who was only beginning to learn the difficult art of play-writing — on it are many marks of the hand of an apprentice workman. In *The Tempest*, on the other hand, all such shortcomings of inexperience and immaturity have vanished. It could have been composed only by a man who had gained complete mastery over the art of poetic and dramatic craftsmanship.

Moreover, the similarity of *The Tempest* in spirit and manner to *Cymbeline* and *The Winter's Tale*, plays which Shakespeare wrote near the close of his long dramatic career, places it in the same period. In all likelihood it was the last play he wrote before he went back to the beautiful countryside of Stratford, the home of his boyhood, where he lived five or six years more, a happy and prosperous gentleman.

Besides this, there is other evidence which not only strengthens the feeling that *The Tempest* was of late composition but which also helps us to give a reasonably exact date to the play.

In October, 1610, Silvester Jourdan published a pamphlet entitled *A Discovery of the Barmudas, otherwise called the Isle of Divels*, in which he described how the *Sea Venture*, one of the ships of a fleet which had left England the year before with colonists for America, became separated from her sister ships during a storm and was wrecked on the Bermuda Islands. William Strachey, whose name is associated with the dawn of American literature, also wrote a description of the incident, which he called *A true reportory of the wracke*. Both Jourdan and Strachey were members of the party and both give vivid descriptions of the storm and wreck. There is so much similarity between passages in these narratives and certain portions of *The Tempest* that Shakespeare must have known them when he composed his play.

The journey across the ocean to America was a perilous one in Shakespeare's time, and no doubt the adventures of Jourdan, Strachey, and their shipmates formed a topic of eager discussion on the streets and in the taverns of London. It would be quite characteristic of Shakespeare, who was always keenly alive to what was going on around him, to seize the opportunity ripened by such discussion to write his play, and to make use of the descriptions of Jourdan and Strachey. And since the old *Revels' Accounts* of the period tell us that *The Tempest* was presented before the King on November 1, 1611, it is reasonable to conclude that it had been written between this date and that of October, 1610, the time of the publication of Jourdan's pamphlet, from which, as we have seen, Shakespeare must have borrowed some of the material for his play.

THE SOURCES OF THE TEMPEST

An old German play and a Spanish prose tale have been found which bear some resemblance to *The Tempest* but not of a kind sufficiently striking to form the basis of the play. In fact, no immediate source has been found, a statement that can be made of very few of Shakespeare's plays.

Reference has already been made in discussing the probable date of the play to the narratives of Jourdan and Strachey regarding the wreck upon the Bermuda Islands of the good ship, the *Sea Venture*. Besides these two accounts, there were many other narratives dealing with seafaring folk and events in that era of ambitious exploration and colonization, which Shakespeare must have known and from which he may have drawn helpful hints. So true to the life is Shakespeare's description of the wreck and so accurate is he in his use of seafaring terms, that some have declared their belief in his having had actual experience at sea. It is altogether likely, however, that he gained his knowledge from daring old weather-beaten rovers of the deep whom he met and questioned at the inns and alehouses of London.

THE PLAY

So far as is known *The Tempest* was first published in 1623, seven years after his death, by Shakespeare's friends and business partners, John Heming and Henry Condell, in their edition of the poet's works, the *First Folio*. The condition of the text is unusually good, the best of all the plays with the possible exception of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*; yet it contains a few of the most discussed and most variously emended passages to be found in the whole scope of Shakespeare's plays. Though by common consent it is among the very latest of the author's plays and perhaps the last one he wrote, for no well-defined reason it stands first in Heming and Condell's collection.

As has already been indicated, *The Tempest* has close affinities with other plays of Shakespeare written in the same period, namely, *Cymbeline* and *The Winter's Tale*. To these may be added *Pericles*, a play of somewhat earlier date. All four of these plays have in common the motives of reconciliation of estranged friends and loved ones, the restoration to parents of lost children, and the righting of wrongs by forgiveness; while in *Pericles* as in *The Tempest*, the loss and reconciliation are due to shipwreck. This entire group of plays is called tragicomedies, or dramatic

romances, a species of drama popular in the last years of Shakespeare's life. His turning to this kind of play at the beginning of its vogue is an instance which shows how closely he kept his fingers on the pulse of the age. After finishing the soul-rending tragedies of *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Lear*, and *Othello*, Shakespeare fittingly closed his long and successful dramatic career with these beautiful romances of hope, reconciliation, love, and idealism.

Except at colleges and universities, *The Tempest* is seldom played to-day because of its undramatic character. On this account it is somewhat strange that it should have been so popular immediately after its composition. But it must be remembered that the dramatic conventions of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries differed widely from those of the twentieth. Many of Shakespeare's plays so fit the age for which they were written that they are not adapted either to the stage itself or to the public of the present time. In many respects *The Tempest* is a play of this kind. Evidence of its popularity, however, has come down to us, and all through the next century it had an abiding influence on other playwrights, who were inspired to adapt its theme and to imitate its style.

Present-day interest in *The Tempest* is largely academic, and is based on its literary value and on its engaging artistic worth and not on its merit as drama. Prospero, the central character, is too powerful to engage our sympathies, for when forces oppose him we know there can be but one outcome; the element of suspense upon which drama depends for much of its force and interest is therefore lacking. The plot, too, is slight. The humor, especially when compared with that in many of the plays, is buffoonery, and the wit certainly was not "made of Atalanta's heels." Furthermore, the characters in *The Tempest* are too much those of the land of romance to pulsate with the warm lifeblood of reality.

Yet these are only trivial blemishes. When all has been said it remains one of the most beautiful plays in the whole realm of drama. And this beauty is not hidden beneath a

stratum of allegory. *The Tempest* is not allegorical simply because it is Shakespearean. As was frequently his wont, Shakespeare took a topic of keen contemporary interest, this time the wreck of Sir George Somers and his companions upon the Bermudas while in search of what to Elizabethan England was a veritable land of romance, and wove around it a play which reflects the colorful imagination of the age in its attempt to grasp the wonders of this new, far-distant Eldorado. The doing of this was a task that only the master hand could perform, and the finished product is a piece of art. Its form is perfect. Its characters, though to some extent types, are artistically drawn. Its treatment of the supernatural, its blending of the human, the superhuman, and the "subhuman" are the very alchemy of art. Above all, its appealing idealism calls us away from the lowering atmosphere of a materialistic world out into the divine air and sunlight of the wonderlands of poetry.

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THE TEMPEST

PERSONS OF THE PLAY

ALONSO, King of Naples.	TRINCULO, a Jester.
SEBASTIAN, his brother.	STEPHANO, a drunken Butler.
PROSPERO, the right Duke of Milan.	Master of a Ship, Boatswain,
ANTONIO, his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.	Mariners.
FERDINAND, son of the King of Naples.	MIRANDA, daughter to Prospero.
GONZALO, an honest old Counselor.	ARIEL, an airy Spirit.
ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, LORDS.	IRIS, CERES, JUNO, Nymphs, Reapers, Other Spirits attending on Prospero. presented by Spirits.
CALIBAN, a savage and deformed Slave.	

SCENE: *A ship at sea: an uninhabited island*

ACT I

SCENE I. *On a Ship at Sea: a tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard*

Enter a SHIP-MASTER and a BOATSWAIN

Master. Boatswain!

Boatswain. Here, master; what cheer?

Master. Good," speak to the mariners: fall to 't, yarely,¹ or we run ourselves aground; bestir, bestir!

4

[Exit]

Enter MARINERS

Boatswain. Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts!

A superior *n* indicates a note at the end of the volume.

¹ Briskly.

yare, yare! Take in the topsail. Tend to the master's whistle. — Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!"

*Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO,
and others*

Alonso. Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master?
Play the men."

Boatswain. I pray now, keep below. 5

Antonio. Where is the master, boatswain?

Boatswain. Do you not hear him? You mar our labor.
Keep your cabins; you do assist the storm."

Gonzalo. Nay, good, be patient. 9

Boatswain. When the sea is. Hence! What cares¹ these
roarers" for the name of king? To cabin! Silence! trouble us
not.

Gonzalo. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard. 13

Boatswain. None that I love more than myself. You are a
counselor; if you can command these elements to silence and
work the peace of the present," we will not hand a rope more.
Use your authority; if you cannot, give thanks you have lived so
long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance
of the hour, if it so hap. — Cheerly, good hearts! — Out of our
way, I say. [Exit]

Gonzalo. I have great comfort from this fellow. Methinks he
hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect
gallows." Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging! Make the
rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage!"
If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable. 25

[*Exeunt*]

Enter BOATSWAIN

Boatswain. Down with the topmast! yare! lower, lower!
Bring her to try wi' the main-course." [A cry within] A plague
upon this howling! They are louder than the weather or our
office." —

¹ Care.

Enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO

Yet again! what do you here? Shall we give o'er and drown?
Have you a mind to sink?

Sebastian. A plague o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

Boatswain. Work you, then.

5

Antonio. Hang, cur! hang, you whoreson, insolent noise-maker! We are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

Gonzalo. I'll warrant him for ¹ drowning, though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell.

Boatswain. Lay her a-hold, a-hold! ² Set her two courses. ³
Off to sea again; lay her off.

11

Enter MARINERS wet

Mariners. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

Boatswain. What! must our mouths be cold ⁴?

Gonzalo. The king and prince at prayers! Let's assist them,
For our case is as theirs.

15

Sebastian. I'm out of patience.

Antonio. We are merely ² cheated of our lives by drunkards.—
This wide-chapp'd ³ rascal,— would thou mightst lie drowning
The washing of ten tides ⁴!

Gonzalo. He'll be hang'd yet,

20

Though every drop of water swear against it

And gape at wid'st to glut ⁴ him.

[A confused noise within] ‘Mercy on us!’—

‘We split, we split!’— ‘Farewell, my wife and children!’—
‘Farewell, brother!’— ‘We split, we split, we split!’—]

25

Antonio. Let's all sink with the king.

[Exit]

Sebastian. Let's take leave of him.

[Exit]

Gonzalo. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze, ² any thing. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death.

[Exit]

¹ From, against. ² Absolutely, quite. ³ Large-mouthed. ⁴ Swallow.

SCENE II. *The Island. Before PROSPERO's Cell**Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA*

Miranda. If by your art, my dearest father, you have
 Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.
 The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch
 But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's ⁿ cheek,
 Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffer'd 5
 With those that I saw suffer! A brave ¹ vessel,
 Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her,
 Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
 Against my very heart! Poor souls, they perish'd!
 Had I been any god of power, I would 10
 Have sunk the sea within the earth or ere ²
 It should the good ship so have swallow'd and
 The fraughting souls ⁿ within her.

Prospero. Be collected;
 No more amazement.³ Tell your piteous heart 15
 There's no harm done.

Miranda. O, woe the day!

Prospero. No harm.

I have done nothing but in care of thee,
 Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter, who 20
 Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
 Of whence I am, nor that I am more better ⁿ
 Than Prospero, master of a full ⁴ poor cell
 And thy no greater father.

Miranda. More to know
 Did never meddle ⁿ with my thoughts. 25

Prospero. 'T is time
 I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,
 And pluck my magic garment from me. — So;

[*Lays down his mantle*] Lie there, my art.ⁿ — Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.

¹ Beautiful, splendid, fine.

² Before.

³ Confusion or terror.

⁴ Used with emphatic force; very.

The direful spectacle of the wrack, which touch'd
 The very virtue of compassion ¹ in thee,
 I have with such provision in mine art
 So safely order'd that there is no soul —
 No, not so much perdition ¹ as an hair 5
 Betid ² to any creature in the vessel
 Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit down;
 For thou must now know farther.

Miranda. You have often

Begun to tell me what I am, but stopp'd
 And left me to a bootless inquisition,²
 Concluding, — 'Stay, not yet.'

10

Prospero. The hour's now come;
 The very minute bids thee ope thine ear.
 Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember 15
 A time before we came unto this cell?
 I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not
 Out ² three years old.

15

Miranda. Certainly, sir, I can.

Prospero. By what? by any other house or person? 20
 Of any thing the image tell me that
 Hath kept with thy remembrance.

20

Miranda. 'T is far off,
 And rather like a dream than an assurance
 That my remembrance warrants. Had I not 25
 Four or five women once that tended ³ me?

25

Prospero. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how is it
 That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else
 In the dark backward and abysm ⁴ of time?
 If thou remember'st aught ere thou cam'st here, 30
 How thou cam'st here thou mayst.

30

Miranda. But that I do not.

Prospero. Twelve year ² since, Miranda, twelve year since,
 Thy father was the Duke of Milan and
 A prince of power. 35

35

¹ Loss.

² Happened.

³ Served.

⁴ Our modern word *abyss*.

Miranda. Sir, are not you my father?

Prospero. Thy mother was a piece ¹ of virtue, and
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of Milan; and his only heir
And princess no worse issued.⁵

Miranda. O the heavens!

What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was 't we did?

Prospero. Both, both, my girl;
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence,¹⁰
But blessedly holp ² hither.

Miranda. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to,³
Which is from my remembrance! Please you, farther.

Prospero. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio, — ¹⁵
I pray thee, mark me, — that a brother should
Be so perfidious! — he whom, next thyself,
Of all the world I lov'd and to ² him put
The manage ³ of my state; as at that time
Through all the signiories ⁴ it was the first,²⁰
And Prospero the prime ⁵ duke, being so reputed
In dignity, and, for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel. Those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother
And to my state grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies.²⁵ Thy false uncle —
Dost thou attend me?

Miranda. Sir, most heedfully.

Prospero. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them, who ⁶ to advance and who
To trash for overtopping,² new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd 'em,
Or else new form'd 'em; having both the key

¹ Model.

² Upon.

³ Administration.

⁴ Territorial divisions.

⁵ First in excellence and power.

⁶ Whom.

Of officer and office," set all hearts i' the state
 To what tune pleas'd his ear, that¹ now he was
 The ivy which had hid my princely trunk
 And suck'd my verdure² out on 't. — Thou attend'st not.

Miranda. O, good sir, I do!

5

Prospero. I pray thee, mark me.
 I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
 To closeness³ and the bettering of my mind
 With that which, but by being so retir'd,
 O'er-priz'd all popular rate," in my false brother
 Awak'd an evil nature; and my trust,
 Like a good parent," did beget of him
 A falsehood, in its contrary³ as great
 As my trust was, which had indeed no limit,
 A confidence sans⁴ bound. He being thus lorded,⁵ 10
 Not only with what my revenue yielded
 But what my power might else exact — like one
 Who having unto truth, by telling of it,
 Made such a sinner of his memory
 To credit his own lie" — he did believe
 He was indeed the duke, out o' the substitution"
 And executing the outward face" of royalty
 With all prerogative; hence his ambition
 Growing, — dost thou hear?

Miranda. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

Prospero. To have no screen between this part he play'd
 And him he play'd it for," he needs will be
 Absolute Milan. Me,⁶ poor man! — my library
 Was dukedom large enough. Of temporal royalties"
 He thinks me now incapable; confederates⁷ — 20
 So dry⁸ he was for sway — wi' the King of Naples
 To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
 Subject his coronet" to his crown, and bend

¹ So that.

² Life, vigor.

³ Opposite.

⁴ Without.

⁵ Given the dignity of a lord.

⁶ For me.

⁷ Forms a league with.

⁸ Thirsty.

The dukedom yet unbow'd — alas, poor Milan! —
To most ignoble stooping.

Miranda. O the heavens!

Prospero. Mark his condition and the event ²; then tell me
If this might be a brother. 5

Miranda. I should sin
To think but ¹ nobly of my grandmother;
Good ² wombs have borne bad sons.

Prospero. Now the condition.

This King of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit,
Which was that he, in lieu o' the premises,²
Of homage and I know not how much tribute,
Should presently ³ extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan,
With all the honors, on my brother; whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated ⁴ to the purpose, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan, and, i' the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me and thy crying self. 20

Miranda. Alack, for pity!
I, not remembering how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again; it is a hint ⁵
That wrings ⁶ my eyes to 't. 25

Prospero. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now 's upon 's; without the which this story
Were most impertinent.²

Miranda. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us? 30

Prospero. Well demanded, wench ²;
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not,
So dear the love my people bore me, nor set

¹ Otherwise than.

² Virtuous.

³ Immediately.

⁴ Decreed by destiny.

⁵ Occasion, theme.

⁶ Forces.

A mark so bloody on the business, but
 With colors fairer painted their foul ends.
 In few,¹ they hurried us aboard a bark,
 Bore us some leagues to sea, where they prepar'd
 A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,
 Nor tackle,² sail, nor mast; the very rats
 Instinctively have quit it.³ There they hoist ⁴ us,
 To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh
 To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
 Did us but loving wrong.⁵

5

10

Miranda. Alack, what trouble
 Was I then to you!

Prospero. O, a cherubin
 Thou wast that did preserve me! Thou didst smile,
 Infused ⁴ with a fortitude from heaven,
 When I have deck'd ⁶ the sea with drops full salt,
 Under my burthen groan'd; which rais'd in me
 An undergoing stomach ⁷ to bear up
 Against what should ensue.

15

Miranda. How came we ashore? 20

Prospero. By Providence divine.
 Some food we had and some fresh water that
 A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
 Out of his charity, who being then appointed
 Master of this design, did give us, with
 Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries,
 Which since have steaded much.⁸ So, of his gentleness,⁵
 Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me,
 From mine own library, with volumes that
 I prize above my dukedom.

25

Miranda. Would I might
 But ever ⁶ see that man!

30

Prospero. Now I arise.—
 Sit still and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.

¹ In few wor^gs; briefly.

⁴ Imbued.

² Ropes.

⁵ Kindness.

³ Harm.

⁶ But at any time.

Here in this island we arriv'd; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other princess can that have more time
For vainer hours and tutors not so careful."

Miranda. Heavens thank you for 't! And now, I pray you,
sir,

For still 'tis beating in my mind, your reason
For raising this sea-storm?

Prospero. Know thus far forth ":

By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,

Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies

Brought to this shore; and by my prescience ¹

I find my zenith" doth depend upon

A most auspicious star, whose influence "

If now I court not but omit, my fortunes

Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions.

Thou art inclin'd to sleep; 'tis a good dullness,"

And give it way. — I know thou canst not choose. —

[MIRANDA sleeps]

Come away,² servant, come! I am ready now;

Approach, my Ariel, come!

20

Enter ARIEL

Ariel. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be 't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds, to thy strong bidding task
Ariel and all his quality."

Prospero. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee "?

Ariel. To every article.

I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,³
Now in the waist,⁴ the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement"; sometime I'd divide,

¹ Foreknowledge.

³ Pointed prow of the ship.

² Come here.

⁴ The middle of the ship.

25

30

And burn in many places; on the topmast,
 The yards, and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,¹
 Then meet and join. Jove's² lightnings, the precursors
 O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary²
 And sight-outrunning³ were not; the fire and cracks³ 5
 Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune⁴
 Seem to besiege and make his bold waves tremble,
 Yea, his dread trident shake.

Prospero. My brave⁴ spirit!
 Who was so firm, so constant,⁵ that this coil⁶ 10
 Would not infect his reason?

Ariel Not a soul
 But felf a fever of the mad⁷ and play'd
 Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners
 Plung'd in the foaming brine and quit the vessel, 15
 Then all afire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,
 With hair up-staring,⁷ — then like reeds, not hair, —
 Was the first man that leap'd; cried, 'Hell is empty,
 And all the devils are here.'

Prospero. Why, that's my spirit! 20
 But was not this nigh shore?

Ariel. Close by, my master.

Prospero. But are they, Ariel, safe?

Ariel. Not a hair perish'd,
 On their sustaining⁸ garments not a blemish, 25
 But fresher than before; and, as thou bad'st me,
 In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle.
 The king's son have I landed by himself,
 Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
 In an odd angle⁹ of the isle, and sitting,
 His arms in this sad knot.⁹ 30

Prospero. Of the king's ship
 The mariners, say how thou hast dispos'd,
 And all the rest o' the fleet.

¹ Separately. ² Instantaneous. ³ Peals of thunder. ⁴ Gallant.
⁵ Unshaken, self-possessed. ⁶ Turmoil. ⁷ Standing on end.

Ariel.

Safely in harbor

Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
 Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
 From the still-vex'd Bermoothes,¹ there she's hid;
 The mariners all under hatches stow'd,
 Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labor,²
 I have left asleep; and for the rest o' the fleet,
 Which I dispers'd, they all have met again
 And are upon the Mediterranean flote,¹
 Bound sadly home for Naples,
 Supposing that they saw the king's ship wrack'd
 And his great person perish.

5

10

Prospero.

Ariel, thy charge

Exactly is perform'd, but there's more work.
 What is the time o' the day?

15

Ariel.

Past the mid season.

Prospero. At least two glasses³; the time 'twixt six and
 now

Must by us both be spent most preciously.

Ariel. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,² 20
 Let me remember³ thee what thou hast promis'd,
 Which is not yet perform'd me.⁴

Prospero.

How now? moody?

What is 't thou canst demand?

Ariel.

My liberty.

25

Prospero. Before the time be out? no more!

Ariel.

I prithee,

Remember I have done thee worthy service,
 Told thee no lies, made no mistakings,⁵ serv'd
 Without or grudge or grumblings. Thou didst promise
 To bate⁶ me a full year.

30

Prospero.

Dost thou forget

From what a torment I did free thee?

Ariel.

No.

¹ Flood, sea.² Tasks to do.³ Remind.⁴ For me.⁵ Mistakes.⁶ Deduct, or remit.

Prospero. Thou dost; and think'st it much to tread the ooze "
Of the salt deep,
To run upon the sharp wind of the north,
To do me business in the veins o' the earth
When it is bak'd ¹ with frost. 5

Ariel. I do not, sir.

Prospero. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy ²
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

Ariel. No, sir. 10

Prospero. Thou hast. Where was she born? speak; tell
me. 15

Ariel. Sir, in Argier."20

Prospero. O, was she so? I must
Once in a month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd; for one thing she did
They would not take her life. Is not this true? 25

Ariel. Ay, sir.

Prospero. This blue-eyed hag ² was hither brought with child,
And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant;
And, for ³ thou wast a spirit too delicate 30
To act her earthy and abhor'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests,⁴ she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable ⁵ rage,
Into a cloven pine, within which rift
Imprison'd thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died
And left thee there, where thou didst vent thy groans
As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island —
Save for the son that she did litter here, 35

¹ Hardened. ² Malice. ³ Because. ⁴ Behests, commands. ⁵ Implacable.

A freckled whelp, hag-born — not honor'd with
A human shape.

Ariel. Yes, Caliban her son.

Prospero. Dull thing," I say so; he, that Caliban
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in; thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears. It was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo; it was mine art,
When I arriv'd and heard thee, that made gape
The pine and let thee out.

5

10

Ariel. I thank thee, master.

Prospero. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak
And peg thee in his knotty entrails till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

15

Ariel. Pardon, master;
I will be correspondent ¹ to command
And do my spriting " gently.

Prospero. Do so, and after two days
I will discharge thee.

20

Ariel. That's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what; what shall I do?

Prospero. Go make thyself like a nymph o' the sea; be subject
To no sight but thine and mine, invisible
To every eyeball else. Go, take this shape
And hither come in 't; go, hence with diligence! —

25

[*Exit ARIEL*]

Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;
Awake!

Miranda. The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness ² in me.

30

Prospero. Shake it off. Come on;
We'll visit Caliban my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

¹ Submissive, obedient.

² Sleepiness.

Miranda. 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.

Prospero. But, as 't is,
We cannot miss ¹ him; he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices
That profit us. — What, ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.

Caliban. [Within] There's wood enough within.

Prospero. Come forth, I say! there's other business for thee;
Come, thou tortoise! when? —

5

10

Enter ARIEL, like a water-nymph

Fine apparition! My quaint ² Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

Ariel. My lord, it shall be done.

[Exit]

Prospero. Thou poisonous slave, come forth!

Enter CALIBAN

Caliban. As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
Drop on you both! a south-west ⁴ blow on ye
And blister you all o'er!

15

Prospero. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins ³
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,["]
All exercise on thee; thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.

20

Caliban. I must eat my dinner.
This island 's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first
Thou strok'dst me and mad'st much of me, wouldst give me
Water with berries in 't, and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,

25

30

¹ Do without.

² Pretty.

³ Goblins, evil fairies.

That burn by day and night; and then I lov'd thee,
 And show'd thee all the qualities [“] o' the isle,
 The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile.
 Cursed be I that did so! All the charms
 Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
 For I am all the subjects that you have,
 Which [“] first was mine own king; and here you sty ¹ me
 In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
 The rest o' the island.

5

Prospero. Thou most lying slave,
 Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have us'd thee,
 Filth as thou art, with human care, and lodg'd thee
 In mine own cell till thou didst seek to violate
 The honor of my child.

10

Caliban. O ho, O ho! would 't had been done!
 Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
 This isle with Calibans.

16

Prospero. Abhorred slave,
 Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
 Being capable of [“] all ill! I pitied thee,
 Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
 One thing or other; when thou didst not, savage,
 Know thine own meaning, [“] but wouldest gabble like
 A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
 With words that made them known. But thy vile race,² 25
 Though thou didst learn, had that in 't which good natures
 Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
 Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
 Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison.

20

Caliban. You taught me language; and my profit on 't 30
 Is, I know how to curse. The red plague [“] rid ³ you
 For learning me [“] your language!

30

Prospero. Hag-seed, hence!
 Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou'rt ⁴ best,

¹ Keep as in a sty.² Nature; in the sense of inherited nature.³ Destroy.⁴ Thou wert.

To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?¹
 If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
 What I command, I'll rack thee with old " cramps,
 Fill all thy bones with aches," make thee roar,
 That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

5

Caliban.

No, pray thee.

[Aside] I must obey; his art is of such power
 It would control² my dam's god, Setebos,"
 And make a vassal of him.

Prospero.

So, slave; hence! [Exit CALIBAN]

Enter FERDINAND, and ARIEL (invisible)" playing and singing
Ariel's Song

Come unto these yellow sands, II
And then take hands.

Curtsied when you have, and kiss'd
The wild waves whist,"
Foot it feathly³ here and there; 15
And, sweet sprites, the burthen⁴ bear.

Hark, hark!

[Burthen, dispersedly, within." *Bow-wow*]
The watch-dogs bark.

[Burthen, within. *Bow-wow*] 20

Hark, hark! I hear

The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.

Ferdinand. Where should this music be? i' the air or the
 earth? — 25

It sounds no more; — and, sure, it waits upon"
 Some god o' the island. Sitting on a bank,
 Weeping again the king my father's wrack,
 This music crept by me upon the waters,

¹ Malicious thing.

² Overpower, be superior to.

³ Neatly, gracefully.

⁴ Refrain, chorus.

Allaying both their fury and my passion ¹
 With its sweet air; thence I have follow'd it,
 Or it hath drawn me rather. But 'tis gone.—
 No, it begins again.

Ariel's Song

Full fathom five thy father lies; 5
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes.
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange." 10
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell —
 [Burthen, within. *Ding-dong*]
Hark! now I hear them — Ding-dong, bell.

Ferdinand. The ditty does remember ² my drown'd father.
 This is no mortal business, nor no sound 15
 That the earth owes.³ — I hear it now above me.

Prospero. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,"
 And say what thou seest yond.

Miranda. What is 't? a spirit?
 Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir, 20
 It carries a brave ⁴ form. But 't is a spirit.

Prospero. No, wench; ⁵ it eats and sleeps and hath such senses
 As we have — such. This gallant which thou seest
 Was in the wrack; and, but ⁶ he's something ⁷ stain'd 25
 With grief that's beauty's canker," thou mightst call him
 A goodly person. He hath lost his fellows, ⁸
 And strays about to find 'em.

Miranda. I might call him
 A thing divine, for nothing natural
 I ever saw so noble. 30

Prospero. [Aside] It goes on," I see,

¹ Sorrow. ² Mention; perhaps in the sense of commemorate.

³ Possesses; that belongs to the earth. ⁴ See footnote 1 to page 12.

⁵ See page 16, line 32, and note.

⁷ Somewhat.

⁶ Except that.

⁸ Companions.

As my soul prompts it. — Spirit, fine spirit! I'll free thee
Within two days for this.

Ferdinand. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend! — Vouchsafe my prayer
May know if you remain ¹ upon this island, 5
And that you will some good instruction give
How I may bear me here; my prime ² request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder! "
If you be maid or no?

Miranda. No wonder, sir, 10
But certainly a maid.

Ferdinand. My language! heavens! —
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Prospero. How! the best? 15
What wert thou if the King of Naples heard thee?

Ferdinand. A single " thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me,
And that he does I weep; myself am Naples,
Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb," beheld 20
The king my father wrack'd.

Miranda. Alack, for mercy!

Ferdinand. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the Duke of Milan
And his brave son " being twain.

Prospero. [Aside] The Duke of Milan ³ 25
And his more braver " daughter could control ⁴ thee,
If now 't were fit to do 't. — At the first sight
They have chang'd eyes." — Delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this. — [To him] A word, good sir;
I fear you have done yourself some wrong; " a word. 30

Miranda. Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw, the first
That e'er I sighed for; pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way!

¹ Dwell.

³ Prospero.

² Chief, most important.

⁴ Confute, contradict.

Ferdinand. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The Queen of Naples.

Prospero. Soft,¹ sir! one word more. —
[Aside] They are both in either's powers; but this swift business
I must uneasy² make, lest too light winning 6
Make the prize light. — [To him] One word more; I charge thee
That thou attend³ me. Thou dost here usurp
The name thou owest⁴ not, and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy, to win it 10
From me, the lord on 't.

Ferdinand. No, as I am a man.

Miranda. There's nothing ill⁵ can dwell in such a temple;
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with 't. 15

Prospero. [To FERDINAND] Follow me. —
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor. — Come;
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together;
Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks 20
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

Ferdinand. No;
I will resist such entertainment⁶ till
Mine enemy has more power.

[He draws, and is charmed from moving]

Miranda. O dear father! 25
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle and not fearful."

Prospero. What! I say,
My foot my tutor?ⁿ — Put thy sword up, traitor,
Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike, thy conscience 30
Is so possess'd with guilt; come from thy ward,⁷
For I can here disarm thee with this stick
And make thy weapon drop.

¹ Stop. ² Difficult. ³ Listen to me. ⁴ Cf. footnote 3, page 26.

⁵ Evil. ⁶ Bad treatment. ⁷ Guard, posture of defence.

Miranda.

Beseech you, father!

Prospero. Hence! hang not on my garments.

Miranda.

Sir, have pity;

I'll be his surety.

Prospero. Silence! one word more

5

Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee! What!

An advocate for an impostor! hush!

Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,

Having seen but him and Caliban; foolish wench!

To the most of men¹ this is a Caliban,

10

And they to him are angels.

Miranda. My affections²

Are, then, most humble; I have no ambition

To see a goodlier man.

Prospero. [To FERDINAND] Come on; obey.

15

Thy nerves³ are in their infancy again

And have no vigor in them.

Ferdinand. So they are;

My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.

20

My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,

The wrack of all my friends, nor⁴ this man's threats

To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,

Might I but through my prison once a day

Behold this maid. All corners else o' the earth

25

Let liberty make use of; space enough

Have I in such a prison.

Prospero. [Aside] It works. — [To FERDINAND] Come on. —

Thou hast done well, fine Ariel! — Follow me. —

[To ARIEL] Hark what thou else shalt do me.

30

Miranda.

Be of comfort.

My father's of a better nature, sir,

Than he appears by speech; this is unwonted

Which now came from him.

¹ Compared with most men.

² Inclinations.

³ Muscles, sinews.

⁴ For *nor* substitute *or or and.*

Prospero. [To ARIEL] Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds; but then exactly do
All points of my command.

Ariel. To the syllable.

Prospero. Come, follow. Speak not for him.

5

[*Exeunt*]

ACT II

SCENE I. *Another Part of the Island*

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others

Gonzalo. Beseech you, sir, be merry; you have cause —
So have we all — of joy, for our escape
Is much beyond our loss. Our hint ¹ of woe
Is common: every day, some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant,² and the merchant,
Have just ³ our theme of woe; but for the miracle —
I mean our preservation — few in millions
Can speak like us. Then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

10

Alonso. Prithee, peace.

15

Sebastian. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Antonio. The visitor ⁴ will not give him o'er so.

Sebastian. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit; by and
by it will strike.⁵

20

Gonzalo. Sir, —

Sebastian. One; tell.⁵

Gonzalo. When every grief is entertain'd that's offer'd,
Comes to the entertainer —

Sebastian. A dollar.

Gonzalo. Dolor⁶ comes to him, indeed; you have spoken truer
than you purpos'd.

26

¹ Occasion.

² A ship with a cargo of merchandise.

³ Precisely.

⁴ Spiritual comforter.

⁵ Count.

Sebastian. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.

Gonzalo. Therefore, my lord, —

Antonio. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

Alonso. I prithee, spare.

Gonzalo. Well, I have done; but yet —

Sebastian. He will be talking.

Antonio. Which, of he or Adrian,¹ for a good wager, first begins to crow?

Sebastian. The old cock.

Antonio. The cockerel.

10

Sebastian. Done. The wager?

Antonio. A laughter.

Sebastian. A match!

Adrian. Though this island seem to be desert, —

15

Antonio. Ha, ha, ha! "

Sebastian. So, you're paid.

Adrian. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible, —

Sebastian. Yet, —

Adrian. Yet, —

Antonio. He could not miss 't.²

20

Adrian. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance.

Antonio. Temperance³ was a delicate wench.

Sebastian. Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly deliver'd.¹

Adrian. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

25

Sebastian. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

Antonio. Or as 't were perfumed by a fen.

Gonzalo. Here is everything advantageous to life.

Antonio. True; save means to live.

Sebastian. Of that there's none, or little.

30

Gonzalo. How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!

Antonio. The ground, indeed, is tawny.

Sebastian. With an eye² of green in 't.

Antonio. He misses not much.³

Sebastian. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

35

¹ Declared.

² Tinge.

Gonzalo. But the rarity¹ of it is,— which is indeed almost beyond credit,—

Sebastian. As many vouched rarities are.

Gonzalo. That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness and glosses,² being rather new-dyed than stained with salt water. 6

Antonio. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say he lies?

Sebastian. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gonzalo. Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis. 12

Sebastian. 'T was a sweet³ marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

Adrian. Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to³ their queen. 16

Gonzalo. Not since widow Dido's⁴ time.

Antonio. Widow! a plague o' that! How came that widow in? Widow Dido!

Sebastian. What if he had said widower Æneas⁵ too? Good Lord, how you take it! 21

Adrian. Widow Dido, said you? you make me study of that; she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

Gonzalo. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.⁶

Adrian. Carthage? 25

Gonzalo. I assure you, Carthage.

Antonio. His word is more than the miraculous harp.⁷

Sebastian. He hath raised the wall, and houses too.

Antonio. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

Sebastian. I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple. 31

Antonio. And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

Gonzalo. Ay?⁸

Antonio. Why, in good time.

¹ Wonder; wonderful because it rarely happens. ² Gloss, lustre. ³ For.

Gonzalo. Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter who is now queen.

Antonio. And the rarest that e'er came there.

Sebastian. Bate,¹ I beseech you, widow Dido.

Antonio. O, widow Dido! ay, widow Dido.

5

Gonzalo. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort."²

Antonio. That sort was well fished for.

Gonzalo. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

10

Alonso. You cram these words into mine ears against

The stomach of my sense."³ Would I had never

Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,

My son is lost; and, in my rate,² she too,

Who is so far from Italy remov'd

15

I ne'er again shall see her.—O thou mine heir

Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish

Hath made his meal on thee?

Francisco. Sir, he may live.

I saw him beat the surges under him

20

And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,

Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted

The surge most swoln that met him; his bold head

'bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd

Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke

25

To the shore,³ that o'er his "wave-worn basis" bow'd,

As⁴ stooping to relieve him. I not doubt

He came alive to land.

Alonso. No, no, he's gone.

Sebastian. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,

That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,

31

But rather lose her to an African;

Where she at least is banish'd from your eye,

Who["] hath cause to wet the grief on 't.

Alonso.

Prithee, peace.

35

¹ Except. ² Estimation. ³ The crags and cliffs on the shore. ⁴ As if.

And women too, but innocent and pure;
No sovereignty; —

Sebastian. Yet he would be king on 't.

Antonio. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning. 5

Gonzalo. All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavor; treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,¹
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
Of it ² own kind, all foison,³ all abundance, 10
To feed my innocent people.

Sebastian. No marrying 'mong his subjects?

Antonio. None, man; all idle, whores and knaves.

Gonzalo. I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To excel the golden age." 15

Sebastian. Save ["] his majesty!

Antonio. Long live Gonzalo!

Gonzalo. And, — do you mark me, sir?—

Alonso. Prithee, no more; thou dost talk nothing to me. 19

Gonzalo. I do well believe your highness, and did it to minister occasion ["] to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible ⁴ and nimble lungs that they always use to laugh at nothing.

Antonio. 'T was you we laughed at.

Gonzalo. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing to ⁵ you; so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still. 25

Antonio. What a blow was there given!

Sebastian. An ⁶ it had not fallen flat-long."

Gonzalo. You are gentlemen of brave mettle; ["] you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing. 30

Enter ARIEL (invisible) playing solemn music

Sebastian. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling."

Antonio. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

¹ Implement of war. ² Its. See page 33, line 26, and note.

³ Abundant harvest. ⁴ Sensitive. ⁵ Compared to. ⁶ If.

Gonzalo. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my discretionⁿ so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?

Antonio. Go sleep, and hear us.ⁿ

[All sleep except ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, and ANTONIO]

Alonso. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes 5
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts; I find
They are inclin'd to do so.

Sebastian. Please you, sir,
Do not omit the heavy offerⁿ of it.
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth, 10
It is a comforter.

Antonio. We two, my lord,
Will guard your person while you take your rest
And watch your safety.

Alonso. Thank you. — Wondrous heavy. 15
[ALONSO sleeps. Exit ARIEL]

Sebastian. What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

Antonio. It is the quality¹ o' the climate.

Sebastian. Why
Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not
Myself dispos'd to sleep. 20

Antonio. Nor I; my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as² by consent;³
They dropp'd, as² by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian?ⁿ — O, what might? — No more. —
And yet methinks I see it in thy face, 25
What thou shouldst be; the occasion speaksⁿ thee, and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

Sebastian. What, art thou waking?

Antonio. Do you not hear me speak? 30

Sebastian. I do; and surely
It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say?

¹ Nature.

² As if.

³ Concert, agreement.

This is a strange repose, to be asleep
 With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,
 And yet so fast asleep.

Antonio. Noble Sebastian,
 Thou let'st thy fortune sleep — die, rather; winkst¹ 5
 Whiles thou art waking.

Sebastian. Thou dost snore distinctly;
 There's meaning in thy snores.

Antonio. I am more serious than my custom; you
 Must be so too, if heed me, which to do 10
 Trebles thee o'er."

Sebastian. Well, I am standing water."²

Antonio. I'll teach you how to flow.

Sebastian. Do so; to ebb
 Hereditary sloth instructs me. 15

Antonio. O,
 If you but knew "³ how you the purpose cherish
 Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
 You more invest² it! Ebbing men, indeed,
 Most often do so near the bottom run 20
 By their own fear or sloth.

Sebastian. Prithee, say on;
 The setting³ of thine eye and cheek proclaim
 A matter from thee, and a birth, indeed,
 Which throes⁴ thee much to yield. 25

Antonio. Thus, sir:
 Although this lord of weak remembrance," — this,
 Who shall be of as little memory
 When he is earth'd,⁵ — hath here almost persuaded, —
 For he's a spirit of persuasion, only 30
 Professes to persuade," — the king his son's alive,
 'T is as impossible that he's undrown'd
 As he that sleeps here swims.

Sebastian. I have no hope
 That he's undrown'd. 35

¹ Closest thy eyes. ² Clothe. ³ Aspect, look. ⁴ Pains. ⁵ Buried.

Antonio. O, out of that no hope
What great hope have you! no hope that way is
Another way so high a hope that even
Ambition can not pierce a wink¹ beyond,
But doubts discovery there.["] Will you grant with me
That Ferdinand is drown'd?

Sebastian. He's gone.

Antonio. Then, tell me,
Who's the next heir of Naples?

Sebastian. Claribel.

Antonio. She that is Queen of Tunis; she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life;["] she that from Naples
Can have no note,² unless the sun were post,³ —
The man i' the moon's too slow — till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable; she from whom["]
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast["] again,
And by that destiny to perform an act
Whereof what's past is prologue, what to come
In yours and my discharge.

10

15

Sebastian. What stuff is this! How say you?
'T is true, my brother's daughter's Queen of Tunis;
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.

21

Antonio. A space whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, 'How shall that Claribel
Measure us⁴ back to Naples? Keep⁵ in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake.' Say, this were death
That now hath seiz'd them; why, they were no worse
Than now they are. There be that can rule Naples
As well as he that sleeps, lords that can prate
As amply and unnecessarily
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make["]
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore

25

30

¹ The smallest distance.

³ Messenger.

² Information.

⁴ I. e., the cubits.

⁵ Let her stay; keep her.

The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?

Sebastian. Methinks I do.

Antonio. And how does your content
Tender¹ your own good fortune? 5

Sebastian. I remember
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

Antonio. True;
And look how well my garments sit upon me,
Much feater² than before. My brother's servants
Were then my fellows,³ now they are my men. 10

Sebastian. But, for your conscience —

Antonio. Ay, sir; where lies that? If 't were a kibe,
'T would put me to my slipper;⁴ but I feel not
This deity in my bosom. Twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied⁴ be they
And melt, ere they molest!⁵ Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;
Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed forever, whiles you, doing thus,⁵ 20
To the perpetual wink⁶ for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence,⁷ who
Should not⁶ upbraid our course. For⁷ all the rest,
They'll take suggestion⁸ as a cat laps milk;
They'll tell the clock⁹ to any business that
We say befits the hour. 25

Sebastian. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent; as thou got'st Milan
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword; one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st,
And I the king shall love thee. 30

¹ Regard.

³ Companions.

⁵ Antonio makes a motion of stabbing with his sword.

⁶ Would not then.

² Neater, more becomingly.

⁴ Congealed.

⁷ As for.

⁸ Temptation.

Antonio. Draw together;
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it on Gonzalo.

Sebastian. O, but one word. [They talk apart]

Enter ARIEL, with music and song

Ariel. My master through his art foresees the danger
That you, his friend, are in, and sends me forth,—
For else his project dies, — to keep them ¹ living.

[Sings in GONZALO'S ear]

*While you here do snoring lie,
Open-eyed conspiracy
His time doth take."
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber and beware;
Awake! Awake!*

5

10

Antonio. Then let us both be sudden.²

14

Gonzalo. [Waking] Now, good angels
Preserve the king! — [To SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO] Why, how
now? — [To ALONSO] Ho, awake! —
[To SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO] Why are you drawn? wherefore
this ghastly looking?

Alonso. [Waking] What's the matter?

20

Sebastian. Whiles we stood here securing ³ your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow ⁴ burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions; did 't not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.

Alonso. I heard nothing.

25

Antonio. O, 't was a din to fright a monster's ear,
To make an earthquake; sure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

Alonso. Heard you this, Gonzalo?

¹ The remainder of the shipwrecked party.

² Quick.

³ Guarding.

⁴ Deep.

Gonzalo. Upon mine honor, sir, I heard a humming, —
 And that-a strange one too, — which did awake me.
 I shak'd you, sir, and cried; as mine eyes open'd
 I saw their weapons drawn; — there was a noise,
 That's verily.¹ 'T is best we stand upon our guard, 5
 Or that we quit this place; let's draw our weapons.

Alonso. Lead off this ground, and let's make further search
 For my poor son.

Gonzalo. Heavens keep him from these beasts!
 For he is, sure, i' the island. 10

Alonso. Lead away.

Ariel. Prospero my lord shall know what I have done;
 So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [Exeunt]

SCENE II. *Another Part of the Island*

Enter CALIBAN, with a burthen of wood. A noise of thunder
 heard

Caliban. All the infections that the sun sucks up
 From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall and make him 15
 By inch-meal² a disease! His spirits hear me,
 And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
 Fright me with urchin-shows,³ pitch me i' the mire,
 Nor lead me, like a firebrand,⁴ in the dark
 Out of my way, unless he bid 'em: but 20
 For every trifle are they set upon me;
 Sometime⁵ like apes, that mow⁶ and chatter at me
 And after bite me; then like hedgehogs, which
 Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount
 Their pricks at my footfall; sometime am I 25
 All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
 Do hiss me into madness. —

¹ True. An adverb used as an adjective. ² By inches. Cf. *piece-meal*.

³ Apparitions of goblins.

⁴ Jack-o'-Lantern, Will-o'-the-Wisp.

⁵ Sometimes.

⁶ Make faces.

Enter TRINCULO

4

Lo, now, lo!

Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat;
Perchance he will not mind ¹ me.

Trinculo. Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off ["] any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' the wind. Yond same black cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul bombard ["] that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my head; yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls. — What have we here? a man or a fish? dead or alive? A fish! he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fishlike smell; a kind of, not of the newest, Poor-John.["] A strange fish! Were I in England now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted,["] not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver. There would this monster make a man; ["] any strange beast there makes a man. When they will not give a doit ² to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian.["] Legged like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm o' my troth!["] I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an islander that hath lately suffered ³ by a thunderbolt. [Thunder] Alas, the storm is come again! my best way is to creep under his gaberdine;["] there is no other shelter hereabout. Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows. I will here shroud ["] till the dregs ⁴ of the storm be past.

Enter STEPHANO, singing: a bottle in his hand

Stephano. *I shall no more to sea, to sea,* 25
Here shall I die ashore, —

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral.
Well, here's my comfort.

[Drinks]

¹ Notice.

² A coin of half a farthing value.

³ Suffered death.

⁴ Trinculo still has the *bombard of sack* in his thoughts.

[Sings] *The master, the swabber,¹ the boatswain, and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate;
For she had a tongue with a tang,²
Would cry to a sailor, Go hang!
Then, to sea, boys, and let her go hang!*

5

This is a scurvy tune too; but here's my comfort.

[Drinks]

Caliban. Do not torment me! — O!

9

Stephano. What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon 's with savages and men of Ind,³ ha? I have not scaped drowning to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been said, as proper⁴ a man as ever went on four legs["] cannot make him give ground; and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

15

Caliban. The spirit torments me! — O!

Stephano. This is some monster of the isle with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil should he learn["] our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that. If I can recover⁵ him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.["]

22

Caliban. Do not torment me, prithee; I'll bring my wood home faster.

Stephano. He's in his fit now, and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle; if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him;["] he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

29

Caliban. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon,⁶ I know it by thy trembling;["] now Prosper works upon thee.

¹ One who mops the deck.

² Sharp sound, sting.

³ India.

⁴ Fine.

⁵ Restore.

⁶ Soon.

Stephano. Come on your ways; " open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat." Open your mouth; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly. You cannot tell who's your friend; open your chaps again.

Trinculo. I should know that voice. It should be — but he is drowned; and these are devils! — O, defend me! 6

Stephano. Four legs and two voices! a most delicate monster! His forward voice, now, is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague. Come.— Amen!" — I will pour some in thy other mouth. 11

Trinculo. Stephano.

Stephano. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy! This is a devil, and no monster! I will leave him; I have no long spoon." 15

Trinculo. Stephano! If thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo, — be not afeard, — thy good friend Trinculo. 18

Stephano. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth. I'll pull thee by the lesser legs; if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. — Thou art very¹ Trinculo indeed! How camest thou to be the siege² of this moon-calf?" Can he vent Trinculos? 22

Trinculo. I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke. — But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope, now, thou art not drowned. Is the storm over-blown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans scaped? 28

Stephano. Prithee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant."

Caliban. These be fine things, an if they be not sprites. That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor; I will kneel to him. 33

Stephano. How didst thou scape? How camest thou hither? swear, by this bottle, how thou camest hither. I escaped upon a

¹ Real, true.

² Excrement.

butt¹ of sack, which the sailors heaved o'erboard, by this bottle! — which I made of the bark of a tree with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore.

Caliban. I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy true subject; For the liquor is not earthly. 5

Stephano. Here; swear, then, how thou escapedst.

Trinculo. Swam ashore, man, like a duck; I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Stephano. Here, kiss the book.² Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose. 10

Trinculo. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Stephano. The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. — How now, moon-calf! how does thineague?

Caliban. Hast thou not dropped from heaven? 15

Stephano. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee; I was the man i' the moon when time was.²

Caliban. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee; My mistress show'd me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.²

Stephano. Come, swear to that; kiss the book. I will furnish it anon² with new contents; swear. 21

Trinculo. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster! — I afeard of him! — A very weak monster! — The man i' the moon! — A most poor credulous monster! — Well drawn,² monster, in good sooth!

Caliban. I'll show thee every fertile inch o' the island; And I will kiss thy foot. I prithee, be my god.

Trinculo. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster! When's god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Caliban. I'll kiss thy foot; I'll swear myself thy subject.

Stephano. Come on, then; down, and swear. 31

Trinculo. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster. A most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him, —

Stephano. Come, kiss.

¹ Large cask.

Trinculo. But that the poor monster's in drink.
An abominable monster!

Caliban. I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve! 5
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man.

Trinculo. A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard!

Caliban. I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs¹ grow; 10
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts,["]
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmoset. I'll bring thee
To clustering filberts; and sometimes I'll get thee
Young scamels["] from the rock. Wilt thou go with me? 15

Stephano. I prithee now, lead the way without any more talking.—Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit["] here.—Here, bear my bottle.—Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again. 19

Caliban. [Sings drunkenly] Farewell, master; farewell, farewell!

Trinculo. A howling monster; a drunken monster!

Caliban. No more dams I'll make for fish;
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring; 25
Nor scrape trenchering,["] nor wash dish.
'Ban, 'Ban, Ca-caliban
Has a new master; — get a new man.

Freedom, heyday! heyday, freedom! freedom, heyday, freedom!

Stephano. O brave monster! Lead the way. 30

[*Exeunt*]

¹ Crab apple.

ACT III

SCENE I. *Before PROSPERO's Cell**Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log*

Ferdinand. There be some sports are painful, and their labor
 Delight in them sets off; ¹ some kinds of baseness
 Are nobly undergone, and most poor matters
 Point to rich ends. ² This my mean ¹ task
 Would be as heavy ² to me as odious, but
 The mistress which I serve quickens ³ what's dead
 And makes my labors pleasures. O, she is
 Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed,
 And he's compos'd of harshness! I must remove
 Some thousands of these logs and pile them up,
 Upon a sore injunction. ⁴ My sweet mistress
 Weeps when she sees me work, and says such baseness
 Had never like executor. ⁴ I forget;
 But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labors,
 Most busy, least when I do it." 15

Enter MIRANDA, and PROSPERO at a distance

Miranda. Alas! now, pray you,
 Work not so hard; I would the lightning had
 Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile!
 Pray, set it down and rest you; when this burns
 'T will weep for having wearied you. My father
 Is hard at study; pray, now, rest yourself;
 He's safe ¹ for these three hours. 20

Ferdinand. O most dear mistress,
 The sun will set before I shall discharge
 What I must strive to do. 25

¹ Lowly.² Hard, burdensome.³ Gives life to.⁴ Performer.

Miranda. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while. Pray, give me that;
I'll carry it to the pile.

Ferdinand. No, precious creature;
I had rather crack my sinews,¹ break my back,
Than you should such dishonor undergo
While I sit lazy by.

Miranda. It would become me
As well as it does you; and I should do it
With much more ease, for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.

Prospero. Poor worm,² thou art infected!
This visitation ⁿ shows it.

Miranda. You look wearily.³

Ferdinand. No, noble mistress; 't is fresh morning with me
When you are by at night. I do beseech you,—
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers,—
What is your name?

Miranda. — O my father,
I have broke ⁴ your hest ⁵ to say so!

Ferdinand. Admir'd ⁶ Miranda!
Indeed the top ⁷ of admiration, worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard,ⁿ and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear. For several virtues
Have I lik'd several ⁸ women, never any ⁿ
With so full soul but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace ⁹ she owed ¹⁰
And put it to the foil; ⁿ but you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best!

¹ Muscles.

² Creature, used in the sense of pity.

³ Weary; an adverb for an adjective.

⁴ Broken.

⁵ Command.

⁶ Admirable.

⁷ The highest degree.

⁸ Different.

⁹ Excellence.

¹⁰ Possessed.

Miranda. I do not know
 One of my sex, no woman's face remember,
 Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
 More that I may call men than you, good friend,
 And my dear father. How features¹ are abroad
 I am skilless² of; but, by my modesty,
 The jewel in my dower, I would not wish
 Any companion in the world but you,
 Nor can imagination form a shape,
 Besides yourself, to like of.³ — But I prattle
 Something³ too wildly, and my father's precepts
 I therein do forget.

5

10

15

20

Ferdinand. I am, in my condition,⁴
 A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king; —
 I would, not so! — and would no more endure
 This wooden slavery⁴ than to suffer
 The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak:
 The very instant that I saw you, did
 My heart fly to your service; there resides,
 To make me slave to it, and for your sake
 Am I this patient log-man.

25

Miranda. Do you love me?

Ferdinand. O heaven! O earth! bear witness to this
 sound,⁵

25

And crown what I profess with kind event,⁶
 If I speak true; if hollowly,⁷ invert
 What best is boded me to mischief!⁷ I,
 Beyond all limit of what else⁸ i' the world,
 Do love, prize, honor you.

30

Miranda. I am a fool
 To weep at what I am glad of.

Prospero. Fair encounter

¹ Not the face but the whole human figure is meant.

² Ignorant.

³ Somewhat.

⁴ Rank.

⁵ I. e., the vow uttered in lines 27–29.

⁶ Outcome, result.

⁷ Insincerely.

⁸ Whatsoever else, everything else.

Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace¹
On that which breeds² between 'em!

Ferdinand.

Wherefore weep you?

Miranda. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give, and much less take³
What I shall die to want.⁴ But this is trifling;
And all the more itⁿ seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid. To be your fellow⁴
You may deny me, but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Ferdinand. My mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever.ⁿ

10

15

Miranda. My husband, then?

Ferdinand. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er ofⁿ freedom; here's my hand.

Miranda. And mine, with my heart in 't; and now farewell
Till half an hour hence.

20

Ferdinand. A thousand thousand!

[Exeunt FERDINAND and MIRANDA]

Prospero. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surpris'dⁿ with all; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book,ⁿ
For yet ere supper-time must I perform
Much business appertaining.ⁿ

25

[Exit]

SCENE II. *Another Part of the Island*

Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO

Stephano. Tell not me; — when the butt is out we will
drink water, not a drop before; therefore bear up, and boardⁿ
'em. — Servant-monster, drink to me.

¹ Blessings, favors.

² Develops, grows.

³ Dare take.

⁴ Equal. Also used frequently in the sense of companion.

Trinculo. Servant-monster! the folly of this island." They say there's but five upon this isle: we are three of them; if th' other two be brained like us, the State totters.

Stephano. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee; thy eyes are almost set ⁿ in thy head. 5

Trinculo. Where should they be set else? he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Stephano. My man-monster hath drowned his tongue in sack; for my part, the sea cannot drown me. I swam, ere I could recover ¹ the shore, five-and-thirty leagues off and on," by this light! — Thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

Trinculo. Your lieutenant, if you list; "he's no standard." 12

Stephano. We'll not run, Monsieur Monster.

Trinculo. Nor go ² neither; but you'll lie,³ like dogs, and yet say nothing neither. 15

Stephano. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

Caliban. How does thy honor? Let me lick thy shoe. I'll not serve him, he is not valiant. 19

Trinculo. Thou liest, most ignorant monster; I am in case to justle a constable." Why, thou deboshed ⁴ fish, thou, was there ever man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish and half a monster? 24

Caliban. Lo, how he mocks ⁵ me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trinculo. Lord, quoth ⁿ he! — That a monster should be such a natural! ⁶

Caliban. Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I prithee. 29

Stephano. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head; if you prove a mutineer, — the next tree! The poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Caliban. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd To hearken once again to the suit I made to thee? 34

¹ Reach.

² Walk.

³ Trinculo puns again.

⁴ Debauched, debased.

⁵ Ridicules.

⁶ Idiot.

Stephano. Marry, will I: kneel and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter ARIEL, invisible ¹

Caliban. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant,
A sorcerer that by his cunning hath cheated me
Of the island.

5

Ariel. Thou liest.

Caliban. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey,² thou;
I would my valiant master would destroy thee!
I do not lie.

Stephano. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in 's tale, by
this hand,³ I will supplant some of your teeth.

11

Trinculo. Why, I said nothing.

Stephano. Mum, then, and no more. — Proceed.

Caliban. I say, by sorcery he got this isle;
From me he got it. If thy greatness will,
Revenge it on him, for I know thou dar'st,
But this thing ² dare not.

15

Stephano. That's most certain.

Caliban. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

Stephano. How now shall this be compassed? ³
Canst thou bring me to the party?

20

Caliban. Yea, yea, my lord; I'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

Ariel. Thou liest; thou canst not.

Caliban. What a pied ninny's ² this! Thou scurvy patch! —
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him; when that's gone,
He shall drink nought but brine, for I'll not show him
Where the quick freshes ⁴ are.

26

Stephano. Trinculo, run into no further danger; interrupt the
monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy
out o' doors and make a stock-fish ² of thee.

32

¹ See page 25, line 10 and note.

² Referring to Trinculo.

³ Brought to pass.

⁴ Fresh-water springs.

Trinculo. Why, what did I? I did nothing. I'll go farther off.

Stephano. Didst thou not say he lied?

Ariel. Thou liest.

Stephano. Do I so? take thou that. [Beats him] As you like this, give me the lie another time. 5

Trinculo. I did not give the lie. Out o' your wits, and hearing too? — A pox o' your bottle! this can sack and drinking do. — A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

Caliban. Ha, ha, ha!

Stephano. Now, forward with your tale. — Prithee, stand farther off." 11

Caliban. Beat him enough; after a little time
I'll beat him too.

Stephano. Stand farther. — Come, proceed.

Caliban. Why, as I told thee, 't is a custom with him 15
I' the afternoon to sleep; there thou mayst brain him,
Having first seiz'd his books," or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,"
Or cut his wezand ¹ with thy knife. Remember
First to possess his books, for without them 20
He's but a sot ² as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command; they all do hate him
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books."
He has brave utensils, — for so he calls them, —
Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal."
And that ³ most deeply to consider " is 25
The beauty of his daughter. He himself
Calls her a nonpareil. I never saw a woman
But only Sycorax my dam and she;⁴
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax
As great'st does least. 30

Stephano. Is it " so brave a lass?

Caliban. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

¹ Windpipe.

³ That which.

² Dullard, blockhead.

⁴ Her.

Stephano. Monster, I will kill this man; his daughter and I will be king and queen,— save our graces! — and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys. Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trinculo. Excellent.

Stephano. Give me thy hand; I am sorry I beat thee, but while thou livest keep a good tongue in thy head. 6

Caliban. Within this half hour will he be asleep;
Wilt thou destroy him then?

Stephano. Ay, on mine honor.

Ariel. This will I tell my master. 10

Caliban. Thou mak'st me merry; I am full of pleasure.
Let us be jocund; will you troll¹ the catch²
You taught me but while-ere?³

Stephano. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason."
— Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. [Sings] 15

Flout 'em and scout 'em, and scout 'em and flout 'em; 16
Thought is free."

Caliban. That's not the tune.

[ARIEL plays the tune on a tabor and pipe]

Stephano. What is this same?

Trinculo. This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of Nobody." 21

Stephano. If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness; if thou beest a devil, take 't as thou list.⁴

Trinculo. O, forgive me my sins!

Stephano. He that dies pays all debts; I defy thee. — Mercy upon us! 26

Caliban. Art thou afeard?

Stephano. No, monster, not I.

Caliban. Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not. 30
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments

¹ Sing gaily.

³ A short time ago.

² A part-song like the "round."

⁴ Pleasest.

Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes voices,
 That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
 Will make me sleep again; and then, in dreaming,
 The clouds methought would open and show riches
 Ready to drop upon me; that,¹ when I wak'd,
 I cried to dream again.

Stephano. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing.

Caliban. When Prospero is destroy'd.

9

Stephano. That shall be by and by;² I remember the story.²

Trinculo. The sound is going away; let's follow it and after do our work.

Stephano. Lead, monster; we'll follow.—I would I could see this taborer; he lays it on.

Trinculo. Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano.

15

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III. *Another Part of the Island*

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others

Gonzalo. By 'r lakin,² I can go no further, sir,
 My old bones ache; here's a maze trod, indeed,
 Through forthrights and meanders!² By your patience,
 I needs must rest me.

Alonso. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
 Who am myself attach'd³ with weariness,
 To the dulling of my spirits; sit down and rest.
 Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
 No longer for my flatterer; he is drown'd
 Whom thus we stray to find, and the sea mocks
 Our frustrate⁴ search on land. Well, let him go.

20

25

Antonio. [Aside to SEBASTIAN] I am right glad that he's so out
 of hope.²
 Do not, for one repulse, forgo⁵ the purpose

¹ So that. ² Shortly. ³ Seized. ⁴ Frustrated, baffled. ⁵ Forego.

That you resolv'd to effect.

Sebastian. [Aside to ANTONIO] The next advantage ¹
Will we take throughly.²

Antonio. [Aside to SEBASTIAN] Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppress'd ³ with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance
As when they are fresh.

Sebastian. [Aside to ANTONIO] I say, to-night; no more.

[*Solemn and strange music*]

Alonso. What harmony is this? — My good friends, hark!

Gonzalo. Marvellous sweet music!

10

Enter PROSPERO above, " invisible. Enter several strange Shapes,
bringing in a banquet: they dance about it with gentle actions of
salutation; and, inviting the King, etc., to eat, they depart

Alonso. Give us kind keepers, heavens! — What were these?

Sebastian. A living drollery.⁴ Now I will believe
That there are unicorns; ⁵ that in Arabia
There is one tree, the phœnix' throne, one phœnix ⁶
At this hour reigning there.

15

Antonio. I'll believe both;
And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 't is true; travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.

Gonzalo. If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say I saw such islanders, —
For, certes,⁴ these are people of the island, —
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle-kind ⁵ than of
Our human generation ⁶ you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.

20

25

Prospero. [Aside] Honest lord,

¹ Favorable opportunity.

² Thoroughly.

³ Exhausted.

⁴ Certainly.

⁵ Courteous, gentle.

⁶ Race.

Thou hast said well, for some of you there present
Are worse than devils.

Alonso. I cannot too much muse ¹
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing —
Although they want the use of tongue — a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse. 5

Prospero. [Aside] Praise in departing.²

Francisco. They vanish'd strangely.

Sebastian. No matter, since
They have left their viands behind; for we have stomachs. —
Will 't please you taste of what is here? 11

Alonso. Not I.

Gonzalo. Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em 15
Wallets of flesh? ² or that there were such men
Whose heads stood in their breasts? ² which now we find
Each putter-out of five for one ² will bring us
Good warrant of.

Alonso. I will stand to and feed,
Although my last; no matter, since I feel
The best is past. — Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to, and do as we. 20

Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL, like a harpy, claps his wings
upon the table, and with a quaint device the banquet vanishes

Ariel. You are three men of sin, whom destiny, —
That hath to ² instrument this lower world 25
And what is in 't, — the never-surfeited sea
Hath caus'd to belch up you; and on this island,
Where man doth not inhabit, — you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
And even with such-like valor men hang and drown 30
Their proper ³ selves.

[ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, etc., draw their swords]

¹ Wonder at.

² As, for.

³ Own.

You fools! I and my fellows
 Are ministers of Fate; the elements,
 Of whom ¹ your swords are temper'd, may as well
 Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at-stabs
 Kill the still-closing waters,² as diminish
 One dowle ³ that's in my plume. My fellow-ministers
 Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
 Your swords are now too massy ² for your strengths
 And will not be upliftea. But remember, —
 For that's my business to you, — that you three
 From Milan did supplant good Prospero,
 Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit ³ it,
 Him and his innocent child; for which foul deed
 The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
 Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
 Against your peace. — Thee of thy son, Alonso,
 They have bereft, and do pronounce by me,
 Lingering perdition ⁴ — worse than any death
 Can be at once ⁵ — shall step by step attend
 You and your ways; whose ⁵ wraths to guard you from, —
 Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
 Upon your heads, — is nothing but heart's sorrow
 And a clear ⁶ life ensuing.

He vanishes in thunder; then, to soft music, enter the Shapes again, and dance with mocks and mows, and carry out the table

Prospero. [Aside] Bravely ⁷ the figure of this harpy hast thou
 Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring.⁸
 Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated ⁸
 In what thou hadst to say; so, with good life
 And observation strange,² my meaner ministers

¹ Which.

³ Requited.

⁵ Powers in line 14 is the antecedent.

⁷ Excellently.

² Heavy, massive.

⁴ Ruin, destruction.

⁶ Pure, innocent.

⁸ Omitted.

Their several kinds have done." My high charms work,
And these mine enemies are all knit up
In their distractions; they now are in my power,
And in these fits I leave them while I visit
Young Ferdinand — whom ¹ they suppose is drown'd — 5
And his and mine ² lov'd darling. [Exit above]

Gonzalo. I' the name of something holy, sir, why stand you
In this strange stare?

Alonso. O, it is monstrous, monstrous!
Methought the billows spoke and told me of it; " 10
The winds did sing it to me, and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of Prosper; it did bass my trespass."
Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded; and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded 15
And with him there lie muddled. [Exit]

Sebastian. But one fiend at a time,"
I'll fight their legions o'er.

Antonio. I'll be thy second.
[Exeunt SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO]
Gonzalo. All three of them are desperate; their great guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after, 21
Now gins to bite " the spirits. — I do beseech you
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly
And hinder them from what this ecstasy ³
May now provoke them to. 25

Adrian. Follow, I pray you. [Exeunt]

¹ Who.

² My.

³ Madness.

ACT IV

SCENE I. *Before PROSPERO's Cell*

Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA

Prospero. If I have too austerely punish'd you,
 Your compensation makes amends, for I
 Have given you here a thread of mine own life,²
 Or that for which I live, who once again
 I tender to thy hand. All thy vexations
 Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
 Hast strangely¹ stood the test; here, afore heaven,
 I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
 Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
 For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise
 And make it halt behind her.

Ferdinand. I do believe it
 Against an oracle.⁶

Prospero. Then, as my gift and thine own acquisition
 Worthily purchas'd,² take my daughter; but
 If thou dost break her virgin-knot³ before
 All sanctimonious ceremonies may
 With full and holy rite be minister'd,
 No sweet aspersion⁴ shall the heavens let fall
 To make this contract grow, but barren hate,
 Sour-eyed⁴ disdain, and discord shall bestrew
 The union of your bed with weeds⁵ so loathly⁵
 That you shall hate it both. Therefore, take heed,
 As Hymen's lamps shall light you."

Ferdinand. As I hope
 For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
 With such love as 't is now, the murkiest den,
 The most opportune⁶ place, the strong'st suggestion⁶

¹ Extraordinarily.

² Obtained.

³ Chastity.

⁴ Sullen-eyed.

⁵ We now use the word *loathsome*.

⁶ Temptation.

Our worser genius can," shall never melt
 Mine honor into lust, to take away
 The edge of that day's celebration
 When I shall think or¹ Phœbus' steedsⁿ are founder'd²
 Or night kept chain'd below.

5

Prospero. Fairly spoke.³
 Sit then and talk with her; she is thine own. —
 What, Ariel! my industrious servant, Ariel!

Enter ARIEL

Ariel. What would my potent master? here I am.

Prospero. Thou and thy meaner fellowsⁿ your last service
 Did worthily perform, and I must use you
 In such another trick. Go bring the rabble,⁴
 O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place.
 Incite them to quick motion, for I must
 Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
 Some vanity⁵ of mine art; it is my promise,
 And they expect it from me.

11

15

Ariel. Presently?⁶

Prospero. Ay, with a twink.

Ariel. Before you can say 'come' and 'go,'
 And breathe twice, and cry 'so, so,'
 Each one, tripping on his toe,
 Will be here with mop and mow." —
 Do you love me, master? no?

20

Prospero. Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach
 Till thou dost hear me call.

25

Ariel. Well, I conceive.⁷ [Exit]

Prospero. Look thou be true; do not give dalliance
 Too much the rein; the strongest oaths are straw
 To the fire i' the blood; be more abstemious,

30

¹ Either.

² Crippled, disabled.

³ Spoken.

⁴ Crowd of "meaner ministers," but not used in a slighting sense.

⁵ Illusion, deception.

⁶ Immediately?

⁷ Understand.

Or else good night your vow!"

Ferdinand. I warrant you, sir;
The white-cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardor of my liver.¹

Prospero. Well.—
Now come, my Ariel! bring a corollary²
Rather than want a spirit; appear, and pertly!³—
No tongue! all eyes! be silent."
[*Soft music*]

Enter IRIS "

Iris. Ceres," most bounteous lady, thy rich leas⁴
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches,⁵ oats, and pease;
Thy turfey mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover,⁶ them to keep;
Thy banks with pioned and lilied brims,"
Which spongy⁷ April at thy hest betrims,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom groves,"
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn; " thy pole-clipt vineyard;"
And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air; — the queen o' the sky,"
Whose watery arch and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave these, and with her sovereign grace,
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport. Her peacocks "⁸ fly amain;
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter CERES

Ceres. Hail, many-color'd messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter!
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops," refreshing showers,
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown

¹ The seat of passion. ² More than enough. ³ Promptly, briskly.

⁴ Fields. ⁵ Forage plants. ⁶ Fodder. ⁷ Wet, rainy. ⁸ Swiftly.

My bosky ² acres and my unshrub'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth! Why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither to this short-grass'd green?

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate,
And some donation freely to estate ¹ 5
On the blest lovers.

Ceres. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus or her son,² as thou dost know,
Do now attend the queen? Since they did plot
The means that ² dusky Dis my daughter got,³ 10
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd ³ company
I have forsworn.

Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid; I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos,² and her son 15
Dove-drawn² with her. Here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are that no bed-right shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch ⁴ be lighted; but in vain.
Mars's hot minion is return'd again; ² 20
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows
And be a boy right out.²

Ceres. Highest queen of state,²
Great Juno comes; I know her by her gait. 25

Enter JUNO

Juno. How does my bounteous sister? Go with me
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be
And honor'd in their issue. [They sing] 30

Juno. Honor, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still ⁵ upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.

¹ Bestow. ² By which. ³ Scandalous. ⁴ Cf. page 60, line 24. ⁵ Always.

Ceres. *Earth's increase, foison¹ plenty,²*
Barns and garners never empty,
Vines with clustering bunches growing,
Plants with goodly burthen bowing;
Spring come to you at the farthest 5
In the very end of harvest!³
Scarcity and want shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Ferdinand. This is a most majestic vision, and
 Harmonious charmingly.⁴ May I be bold 10
 To think these spirits?

Prospero. Spirits, which by mine art
 I have from their confines call'd to enact
 My present fancies.

Ferdinand. Let me live here ever; 15
 So rare a wonder'd father⁵ and a wise
 Makes this place Paradise.

[JUNO and CERES whisper, and send IRIS on employment]

Prospero. Sweet now, silence!
 Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;
 There's something else to do. Hush, and be mute, 20
 Or else our spell is marr'd.

Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the winding brooks,
 With your sedg'd crowns⁶ and ever harmless looks,
 Leave your crisp⁷ channels and on this green land
 Answer your summons; Juno does command. 25
 Come, temperate⁸ nymphs, and help to celebrate
 A contract of true love; be not too late. —

Enter certain NYMPHS

You sunburnt sicklemen, of August weary,
 Come hither from the furrow and be merry.
 Make holiday; your rye-straw hats put on, 30

¹ Cf. page 35, line 10.

³ Curled by the breeze on the water.

² Plentiful.

⁴ Chaste.

And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.¹

Enter certain REAPERS, properly habited: they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof PROSPERO starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish

Prospero. [Aside] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates
Against my life; the minute of their plot
Is almost come. — [To the Spirits] Well done! Avoid; ⁵ no more!

Ferdinand. This is strange; your father's in some passion
That works ³ him strongly.

Miranda. Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.⁴ 10

Prospero. You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort, ⁵
As if you were dismay'd; be cheerful, sir.
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air; 15
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn ⁶ temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit,⁷ shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial ⁸ pageant faded, 20
Leave not a rack ⁹ behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, ⁹ and our little life
Is rounded ¹⁰ with a sleep. — Sir, I am vex'd; ¹¹
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled.
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity. 25
If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell
And there repose; a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating ¹² mind.

¹ Dancing. ² Begone. ³ Affects. ⁴ Ill-humored. ⁵ Manner.

⁶ Stately. ⁷ Possess. Cf. page 46, line 18. ⁸ Unsubstantial. ⁹ Of.

¹⁰ Rounded out, finished. ¹¹ Distressed. ¹² Troubled, agitated.

Ferdinand, Miranda. We wish your peace. [Exeunt]

Prospero. Come with a thought." I thank thee, Ariel; come!

Enter ARIEL

Ariel. Thy thoughts I cleave to. What's thy pleasure?

Prospero. Spirit,

We must prepare to meet with " Caliban.

Ariel. Ay, my commander; when I presented Ceres
I thought to have told thee of it, but I fear'd
Lest I might anger thee.

Prospero. Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets? ¹

Ariel. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking; ¹⁰
So full of valor that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces, beat the ground
For kissing of their feet, yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor,
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears, ¹⁵
Advanc'd their eyelids," lifted up their noses
As ² they smelt music; so I charm'd their ears
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through
Tooth'd briars, sharp furzes, pricking gorse, and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail shins. At last I left them ²⁰
I' the filthy mantled" pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet."

Prospero. This was well done, my bird.
Thy shape invisible retain thou still; ²⁵
The trumpery ³ in my house, go bring it hither
For stale ⁴ to catch these thieves.

Ariel. I go, I go.

[Exit]

Prospero. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains, ³⁰
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
And as with age his body uglier grows,

¹ Rascals.

² As if.

³ Gaudy apparel.

⁴ Bait.

So his mind cankers.¹ I will plague them all,
Even to roaring." —

Enter ARIEL, laden with glistering apparel, etc.

Come, hang them on this line."

PROSPERO and ARIEL remain invisible. *Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, all wet*

Caliban. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall; we now are near his cell.

Stephano. Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harmless
fairy, has done little better than played the Jack "⁵" with us. —
Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against
you, look you, —

Trinculo. Thou wert but a lost monster.

10

Caliban. Good my lord, give me thy favor still.
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hoodwink "¹⁰" this mischance; therefore speak softly.
All's hush'd as midnight yet.

Trinculo. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool, —

15

Stephano. There is not only disgrace and dishonor in that,
monster, but an infinite loss.

Trinculo. That's more to me than my wetting; yet this is
your harmless fairy, monster!

Stephano. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears "²⁰" for
my labor.

21

Caliban. Prithee, my king, be quiet. Seest thou here,
This is the mouth o' the cell; no noise, and enter.
Do that good mischief which may make this island
Thine own for ever, and I,² thy Caliban,

25

For aye thy foot-licker.

Stephano. Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody
thoughts.

Trinculo. O King Stephano! O peer!" O worthy Stephano!
look what a wardrobe here is for thee!

30

¹ Becomes corrupt.

² Me.

Caliban. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

Trinculo. O, ho, monster! we know what belongs to a frip-
perty.¹ — O King Stephano!

Stephano. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I'll have
that gown. 5

Trinculo. Thy grace shall have it.

Caliban. The dropsy drown this fool! What do you mean,
To dote thus on such luggage? Let's along,
And do the murther first; if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches, 10
Make us strange stuff."

Stephano. Be you quiet, monster. — Mistress line, is not this
my jerkin?² Now is the jerkin under the line; " now, jerkin, you
are like to lose your hair "³ and prove a bald jerkin. 14

Trinculo. Do, do; we steal by line and level, " an't like your grace.

Stephano. I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment for 't.
Wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of this country.
'Steal by line and level' is an excellent pass of pate; " there's
another garment for 't. 19

Trinculo. Monster, come, put some lime "⁴ upon your fingers,
and away with the rest.

Caliban. I will have none on 't; ³ we shall lose our time, "⁵
And all be turn'd to barnacles "⁶ or to apes
With foreheads villainous ⁴ low. 24

Stephano. Monster, lay to your fingers; help to bear this
away where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my
kingdom; go to, " carry this.

Trinculo. And this.

Stephano. Ay, and this.

*A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of dogs;
and hounds, and hunt them about, PROSPERO and ARIEL setting
them on*

Prospero. Hey, Mountain, hey!

Ariel. Silver! there it goes, Silver!

¹ An old-clothes shop. ² A short coat. ³ Of it. ⁴ Villainously.

Prospero. Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark, hark! —
 [CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO are driven out]

Go charge my goblins that they grind their joints
 With dry ¹ convulsions, shorten up their sinews
 With aged cramps,² and more pinch-spotted make them
 Than pard or cat o' mountain.

5

Ariel. Hark, they roar!

Prospero. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour
 Lies at my mercy all mine enemies;
 Shortly shall all my labors end, and thou
 Shalt have the air at freedom. For a little
 Follow and do me service.

10

[Exeunt]

ACT V

SCENE I. *Before the Cell of PROSPERO*

Enter PROSPERO in his magic robes, and ARIEL

Prospero. Now does my project gather to a head;
 My charms crack ³ not, my spirits obey, and Time
 Goes upright with his carriage." How's the day?

Ariel. On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,
 You said our work should cease.

15

Prospero. I did say so
 When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit,
 How fares the king and 's followers?

Ariel. Confin'd together
 In the same fashion as you gave in charge,
 Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir,
 In the line-grove which weather-fends your cell."
 They cannot budge till your release." The king,
 His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted,
 And the remainder mourning over them,
 Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly

20

25

¹ Severe.² Cf. page 25, line 3, and note.³ Break. Cf. page 70, line 19.

Him ¹ that you term'd, sir, the good old lord, Gonzalo.
 His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
 From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works ² 'em
 That if you now beheld them your affections
 Would become tender.

5

Prospero. Dost thou think so, spirit?

Ariel. Mine would, sir, were I human.

Prospero. And mine shall.

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
 Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
 One of their kind, that relish all as sharply
 Passion as they," be kindlier " mov'd than thou art?
 Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
 Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
 Do I take part. The rarer action is
 In virtue than in vengeance; they being penitent,
 The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
 Not a frown further. Go release them, Ariel;
 My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
 And they shall be themselves.

10

15

20

25

30

35

Ariel. I'll fetch them, sir.

[Exit]

Prospero. Ye elves " of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and
 groves,
 And ye that on the sands with printless foot
 Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
 When he comes back; you demi-puppets ³ that
 By moonshine do the green sour ringlets " make
 Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pastime
 Is to make midnight mushrooms," that rejoice
 To hear the solemn curfew," by whose aid —
 Weak masters " though ye be — I have bedimm'd
 The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
 And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
 Set roaring war; to the dread rattling thunder
 Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak "

¹ He.

² Affects.

³ Small figures, fairies.

With his own bolt; the strong-bas'd promontory
 Have I made shake, and by the spurs ¹ pluck'd up
 The pine and cedar; graves at my command
 Have wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let 'em forth
 By my so potent art. But this rough magic 5
 I here abjure; and, when I have requir'd ²
 Some heavenly music — which even now I do —
 To work mine end upon their senses that
 This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
 Bury it certain fathoms in the earth, 10
 And deeper than did ever plummet sound
 I'll drown my book. —

[Solemn music]

Here enter ARIEL before: then ALONSO, with a frantic gesture, attended by GONZALO; SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO in like manner, attended by ADRIAN and FRANCISCO: they all enter the circle which PROSPERO had made, and there stand charmed; which PROSPERO observing, speaks

A solemn ³ air, and the best comforter
 To an unsettled fancy," cure thy brains,
 Now useless, boil'd " within thy skull! There stand, 15
 For you are spell-stopp'd. —
 Holy ⁴ Gonzalo, honorable man,
 Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,
 Fall fellowly drops." — The charm dissolves apace; ⁵
 And as the morning steals upon the night, 20
 Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
 Begin to chase the ignorant fumes " that mantle
 Their clearer reason. — O good Gonzalo,
 My true preserver, and a loyal sir
 To him thou follow'st! I will pay thy graces ⁶ 25
 Home ⁷ both in word and deed. — Most cruelly
 Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter;

¹ Roots.

² Requested.

³ Sad, melancholy.

⁴ Righteous, just.

⁵ Rapidly.

⁶ Kindness.

⁷ Fully.

Thy brother was a furtherer in the act. —
 Thou art pinch'd for 't now, Sebastian. — Flesh and blood,
 You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
 Expell'd remorse¹ and nature; ² who, with Sebastian, —
 Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong, —
 Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,
 Unnatural though thou art. — Their understanding
 Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
 Will shortly fill the reasonable shore ⁿ
 That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them
 That yet looks on me or would know me. — Ariel,
 Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell;
 I will discase me,ⁿ and myself present
 As I was sometime Milan.ⁿ Quickly, spirit;
 Thou shalt ere long be free.

5

10

15

ARIEL sings, and helps to attire him
Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.ⁿ
On the bat's back I do fly
After summerⁿ merrily.
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

20

25

Prospero. Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee,
 But yet thou shalt have freedom; — so, so, so. —
 To the king's ship, invisible as thou art.
 There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
 Under the hatches; the master and the boatswain
 Being awake, enforce them to this place,
 And presently,³ I prithee.

Ariel. I drink the air before me, and return
 Or ⁴ ere your pulse twice beat.

30

[Exit]

¹ Pity.² Affection, natural feeling.³ Immediately. Cf. page 61, line 18. ⁴ Before. Cf. page 12, line 11.

Gonzalo. All ¹ torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits here; some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

Prospero. Behold, sir king,
The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero! 5
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee and thy company I bid
A hearty welcome.

Alonso. Whether thou beest he or no, 10
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse ² me,
As late I have been, I not know; thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood, and since I saw thee
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me. This must crave — 15
An if this be at all ² — a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign, ² and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs. ² — But how should Prospero
Be living and be here?

Prospero. First, noble friend,² 20
Let me embrace thine age, whose honor cannot
Be measur'd or confin'd.³

Gonzalo. Whether this be
Or be not, I'll not swear.

Prospero. You do yet taste 25
Some subtleties ² o' the isle that will not let you
Believe things certain. — Welcome, my friends all! —
[Aside to SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO] But you, my brace of lords,
were I so minded,
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you, 30
And justify ⁴ you traitors; at this time
I'll tell no tales.

Sebastian. [Aside] The devil speaks in him.

Prospero. No. ² —
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother 35

¹ Nothing but.

² Gonzalo.

³ Limited.

⁴ Prove.

Would even infect ¹ my mouth, I do forgive
 Thy rankest ² fault, — all of them; and require
 My dukedom of thee, which perforce I know
 Thou must restore.

Alonso. If thou beest Prospero,
 Give us particulars of thy preservation;
 How thou hast met us here whom three hours since
 Were wrack'd upon this shore, where I have lost —
 How sharp the point ³ of this remembrance is! —
 My dear son Ferdinand.

Prospero. I am woe ⁴ for 't, sir.

Alonso. Irreparable is the loss, and patience
 Says it is past her cure.

Prospero. I rather think
 You have not sought her help, of whose soft grace ["]
 For the like loss I have her sovereign aid
 And rest myself content.

Alonso. You the like loss?

Prospero. As great to me as late; ["] and supportable
 To make the dear loss have I means much weaker
 Than you may call to comfort you, ["] for I
 Have lost my daughter.

Alonso. A daughter?
 O heavens, that they were living both in Naples,
 The king and queen there! that they were, I wish
 Myself were muddled in that oozy bed
 Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?

Prospero. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
 At this encounter do so much admire
 That they devour their reason, ["] and scarce think
 Their eyes do offices of truth, ["] their words
 Are natural breath; but, howsoe'er you have
 Been justled ⁵ from your senses, know for certain
 That I am Prospero, and that very duke
 Which was thrust forth of Milan, who most strangely

¹ Pollute. ² Worst, grossest. ³ Sting. ⁴ Sorry. ⁵ Jostled.

Upon this shore, where you were wrack'd, was landed,
 To be the lord on 't. No more yet of this;
 For 't is a chronicle of day by day,
 Not a relation for a breakfast," nor
 Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir; 5
 This cell's my court. Here have I few attendants,
 And subjects none abroad; pray you, look in.
 My dukedom since you have given me again,
 I will requite you with as good a thing;
 At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye 10
 As much as me my dukedom.

Here PROSPERO discovers " FERDINAND and MIRANDA playing at chess

Miranda. Sweet lord, you play me false.

Ferdinand. No, my dear'st love,

I would not for the world.

Miranda. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,
 And I would " call it fair play. 16

Alonso. If this prove

A vision of the island, one dear son

Shall I twice lose.

Sebastian. A most high miracle! 20

Ferdinand. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful;
 I have curs'd them without cause. [Kneels]

Alonso. Now all the blessings

Of a glad father compass thee about!

Arise, and say how thou cam'st here. 25

Miranda. O, wonder!

How many goodly creatures are there here!

How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,

That has such people in 't!

Prospero. "T is new to thee.

Alonso. What is this maid with whom thou wast at play?
 Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours;
 Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,

And brought us thus together?

Ferdinand. Sir, she is mortal,
But by immortal Providence she's mine;
I chose her when I could not ask my father
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,¹
But never saw before; of ² whom I have
Receiv'd a second life, and second father
This lady makes him to me.

5

10

Alonso. I am hers.
But, O, how oddly will it sound that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!

Prospero. There, sir, stop;
Let us not burthen our remembrances
With a heaviness ³ that's gone.

15

Gonzalo. I have inly ⁴ wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. — Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown!
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither.

20

Alonso. I say Amen, Gonzalo!

Gonzalo. Was Milan thrust from Milan ["] that his issue
Should become kings of Nápoles? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy! and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars: In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis;
And Ferdinand her brother found a wife
Where he himself was lost; Prospero his dukedom
In a poor isle; and all of us ourselves
When no man was his own.["]

25

Alonso. [To FERDINAND and MIRANDA] Give me your hands;
Let grief and sorrow still ⁵ embrace his heart
That doth not wish you joy!

30

Gonzalo. Be it so! Amen! —

35

¹ Praise.

² From.

³ Sorrow.

⁴ Inwardly.

⁵ Always.

Enter ARIEL, with the MASTER and BOATSWAIN amazedly following

O, look, sir! look, sir! here is ¹ more of us!
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown. — Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace ² o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?

Boatswain. The best news is that we have safely found ["]
Our king and company; the next, our ship —
Which, but three glasses ["] since, we gave out split —
Is tight, and yare,³ and bravely rigg'd as when
We first put out to sea.

Ariel [Aside to PROSPERO]. Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went.

Prospero [Aside to ARIEL]. My tricksy ⁴ spirit!

Alonso. These are not natural events; they strengthen
From strange to stranger. — Say, how came you hither?

Boatswain. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
And — how we know not — all clapp'd ⁵ under hatches;
Where, but even now, with strange and several ⁶ noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And moe ⁷ diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd; straightway, at liberty,
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld ["]
Our royal, good, and gallant ship, our master
Capering to eye her.["] On a trice,["] so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them
And were brought moping ⁸ hither.

Ariel. [Aside to PROSPERO] Was 't well done?

Prospero. [Aside to ARIEL] Bravely, my diligence.

Thou shalt be free.

Alonso. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod,
And there is in this business more than nature

¹ Are. Cf. *Cares* for care, page 10, line 10.

³ Ready.

⁶ Divers, different.

⁴ Resourceful.

⁷ More. Cf. page 34, line 6.

² Blessing.

⁵ Shut up.

⁸ Bewildered.

Was ever conduct ¹ of; some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.

Prospero. Sir, my liege,
Do not infest ² your mind with beating ³ on
The strangeness of this business. At pick'd leisure, 5
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you,"
Which to you shall seem probable, of every
These happen'd accidents;" till when, be cheerful
And think of each thing well. — [Aside to ARIEL] Come hither,
spirit. 10

Set Caliban and his companions free;
Untie the spell. — [Exit ARIEL] How fares my gracious sir?
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd ⁴ lads that you remember not.

*Enter ARIEL, driving in CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, in
their stolen apparel*

Stephano. Every man shift for all the rest," and let no man
take care for himself, for all is but fortune. — Coragio, bully
monster, coragio! 17

Trinculo. If these be true spies which I wear in my head, here's
a goodly sight.

Caliban. O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed! 20
How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

Sebastian. Ha, ha!
What things are these, my lord Antonio?
Will money buy 'em? 25

Antonio. Very like; one of them
Is a plain fish," and no doubt marketable.

Prospero. Mark but the badges " of these men, my lords,
Then say if they be true. — This misshapen knave,
His mother was a witch; and one so strong 30
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,

¹ Conductor.

² Vex.

³ Pondering deeply.

⁴ Unnoted.

And deal in her command without her power."
These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil —
For he's a bastard one — had plotted with them
To take my life. Two of these fellows you
Must know and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

5

Caliban. I shall be pinch'd to death.

Alonso. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

Sebastian. He is drunk now; where had he wine?

Alonso. And Trinculo is reeling-ripe; where should they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em?" —
How cam'st thou in this pickle?

Trinculo. I have been in such a pickle since I saw you last
that, I fear me, will never out of my bones; I shall not fear fly-
blowing." 15

Sebastian. Why, how now, Stephano!

Stephano. O, touch me not; I am not Stephano, but a cramp.

Prospero. You'd be king o' the isle, sirrah?

Stephano. I should have been a sore one, then.

Alonso. This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on.

20

[Pointing to CALIBAN]

Prospero. He is as disproportion'd in his manners
As in his shape. — Go, sirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Caliban. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter
And seek for grace.¹ What a thrice-double ass
Was I to take this drunkard for a god
And worship this dull fool!

25

Prospero. Go to; ² away!

Alonso. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

Sebastian. Or stole it, rather.

31

[*Exeunt CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO*]

Prospero. Sir, I invite your highness and your train
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest

¹ Pardon.

² Cf. page 68, line 27.

For this one night, which, part of it, I'll waste
 With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it
 Go quick away, — the story of my life,
 And the particular accidents gone by "
 Since I came to this isle; and in the morn
 I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
 Where I have hope to see the nuptial
 Of these our dear-belov'd solemnized,
 And thence retire me to my Milan, where
 Every third thought shall be my grave."
10

Alonso.

I long

To hear the story of your life, which must
 Take ¹ the ear strangely.²

Prospero.

I'll deliver all,

And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
 And sail so expeditious that shall catch
 Your royal fleet far off. — [Aside to ARIEL] My Ariel, chick,
 That is thy charge; then to the elements
 Be free, and fare thou well! — Please you, draw near.
15

[*Exeunt*]

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO

Now my charms are all o'erthrown
 And what strength I have 's mine own,
 Which is most faint; now, 't is true,
 I must be here confin'd by you
 Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
 Since I have my dukedom got
 And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
 In this bare island by your spell;
 But release me from my bands ³
 With the help of your good hands."
20

¹ Captivate.² With wonder.³ Bonds.

Gentle breath of yours " my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer,"
Which pierces so that it assaults
Mercy itself " and frees ¹ all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.

5

10

¹ Procures forgiveness for.

QUESTIONS ON THE TEXT

ACT I

- Scene 1.* 1. Why does the play begin with a storm?
2. If Shakespeare had never been to sea, how do you explain his accurate use of sea terms?
3. What character in this scene is most clearly drawn?
4. Write out a description of this character in your own words.
5. What is Gonzalo's real attitude toward the boatswain?
6. What are the first impressions you get of the character of Sebastian and Antonio?
7. What is the purpose of the storm?
8. Compare, if possible, this opening scene of *The Tempest* with the storm scene in *Pericles*, III, 1.
- Scene 2.* 1. When do we first learn that the storm is not due to natural causes?
2. What are the first impressions you get of the character of Miranda?
3. Judging from her first speech alone, what quality do you think is the key to her character?
4. What does Miranda mean when she says "O, woe the day," line 17?
5. Do you think Miranda has seen any of the people on the ship when she says in line 5, "I have suffered with those that I saw suffer?" Compare this statement with lines 31 and 32, page 27.
6. Of what is Prospero's mantle the symbol?
7. Why does Shakespeare at various places in this scene have Prospero accuse Miranda of inattention to his story?
8. How do lines 12 and 13, on page 14, accord with the character of Miranda? Compare with lines 11 and 12 on page 17.

9. Do you think it would be more natural for Miranda to regret her loss of royal position?
10. Select the parts of Prospero's story that have a future significance in the play.
11. Write out in your words the story of Prospero's misfortunes.
12. Why does Ariel make particular mention of Ferdinand among those who jumped overboard?
13. Prospero has already assured Miranda that not a soul perished in the storm (line 5, page 13). Why, then, does he ask Ariel if all of them are safe (line 23, page 19)?
14. How does Ariel's name indicate his character?
15. How does Miranda's name indicate her character?
16. Do you think Prospero is justified in his quarrel with Ariel?
17. What is the purpose of the quarrel?
18. Why does Shakespeare have Prospero describe at length (a) Ariel's imprisonment by Sycorax, (b) Sycorax herself?
19. What did Prospero say to Ariel in line 13, page 23?
20. Why do we learn so much about Caliban before he appears?
21. Do you think Prospero was justified in taking Caliban's possessions from him?
22. What is the purpose of Ariel's song, beginning "Full fathom five?"
23. What do you imagine Ferdinand's appearance to be when he first comes on the stage?
24. Study very carefully the scene and conversation between Ferdinand and Miranda. Do you think it entirely natural?
25. From what you already know of Miranda, do you expect her to talk and act as she does?
26. Do you think Prospero has a quarrelsome disposition and a fiery temper?
27. What does Prospero mean when he says, "It works" (line 27, page 29)?

28. Separate this scene into its logical divisions.
29. Summarize all that Shakespeare has done in Act I to set his play in motion.

ACT II

Scene 1. 1. A person is judged by what he says as well as by what he does. Estimate the character of Antonio and Sebastian by their remarks.

2. Comment on this statement by Dowden: "The prolonged and dull joking of Sebastian in this scene cannot be meant by Shakespeare to be really bright and witty. It is meant to show that the intellectual poverty of the conspirators is as great as their jovial obliquity."

3. Are the first impressions given in Act I, Scene 1, of these two characters and that of Gonzalo verified by the further portrayal in this scene?

4. What are the chief characteristics of Gonzalo?

5. Where does Gonzalo get the better of Antonio and Sebastian in the repartee?

6. Can you differentiate the characters of Antonio and Sebastian?

7. Despite the cynical remarks of Sebastian and Antonio we get a good idea of the scenery and climate of the island. What is it?

8. Why does Shakespeare refer to the marriage of Claribel to the King of Tunis?

9. Why does not Ariel's music make Antonio and Sebastian sleepy?

10. What are Antonio's arguments to get Sebastian to agree to kill Alonso?

11. Do you think them forcible?

12. Why do they want to kill Gonzalo also?

13. Are there any similarities between this plot of Antonio and Sebastian and that which had been carried out against Prospero?

14. Summarize all that Shakespeare has done for the plot in this scene.

Scene 2. 1. To appreciate this scene fully you must imagine how it would be acted. Point out several instances where the humor would be greatly intensified by the acting.

2. Why does the scene open with Caliban?

3. In the last part of the preceding scene the remarks of Antonio and Sebastian are supposedly witty. In this scene those of Stephano and Trinculo are humorous. What are the differences?

4. What is the difference between wit and humor in general?

5. How do we know that Trinculo is dressed as a King's jester?

6. In low comedy scenes Shakespeare generally uses prose. Why are most of Caliban's speeches put into blank verse?

7. How do Stephano and Trinculo differ in character?

8. Do you think Caliban is the best drawn character of the three?

9. Show that the conspiracy of Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo is a burlesque of the conspiracy of Sebastian and Antonio.

10. What is the purpose of this scene?

ACT III

Scene 1. 1. Why did Prospero put this task of bearing logs on Ferdinand?

2. Compare Miranda's statement, page 49, lines 3-5 of this scene with page 27, lines 31-32. Compare also page 49, lines 1-3 with page 13, lines 25-26. Explain the divergencies.

3. Miranda's character reaches the height of its delineation in this scene. From what you have already learned of her, does she act just as you would expect her to act?

4. Are there any new elements of her character brought out in this scene?

5. Write a character sketch of Miranda.

6. Is it necessary that Prospero should be a witness to this scene between Ferdinand and Miranda?

7. Why does Shakespeare have Prospero say what he does say in lines 25-26, page 50?

Scene 2. 1. How does this scene connect itself with Scene 2 of Act II?

2. Why did not Shakespeare attach it directly to Scene 2 of Act II?

3. What additional information does this scene give us?

4. What does Trinculo probably mean when he says "the folly of this island," in line 1, page 51?

5. Point out the most humorous features of this scene.

6. Why does Caliban take such a dislike to Trinculo?

7. Comment on the poetry of the last speech but one of Caliban's in this scene.

Scene 3. 1. What is the purpose of the apparition that causes the banquet to vanish?

2. What is the effect on Alonso of Ariel's accusation? On Sebastian and Antonio?

3. Write out in your own words the first 14 lines of Ariel's speech beginning on page 57.

4. In what does this scene advance the plot?

ACT IV

1. Why does Prospero explain why he has punished Ferdinand?

2. Part of the act is taken up with the masque. What is a masque? An antimasque?

3. What characters take part in the masque?

4. What characters take part in the antimasque?

5. Pick out the spectacular features of the masque.

6. Write out in your own words the speech of Ceres beginning on page 62.

7. Pick out all the descriptive words in the first speech of Iris and of Ceres and study their effectiveness. Try to substitute

synonyms for them and determine if these substituted words are as effective as the words used.

8. Comment on the descriptive quality of "winding brooks," "sedg'd crowns," "ever-harmless looks," "crisp channels," "temperate nymphs," in lines 22-27, page 64.

9. How do you think Prospero acts when he speaks lines 3-5, page 65?

10. Why should he appear so wrought up over the plot of Caliban and his confederates?

11. Write out lines 16-23, page 65, in your own words.

12. Why did not Shakespeare have Ariel's narrative (lines 10-23, page 66) acted out?

13. In the latter part of this act who do you think has the strongest character, Stephano, Trinculo, or Caliban? Why?

14. Is the punishment meted out to these three commensurate with their crimes?

15. What is the purpose of Prospero's speech at the close of the act?

ACT V

1. Why is Gonzalo represented as being more sorrowful than his companions?

2. What good lesson does Shakespeare teach in lines 15-18, page 70?

3. Why is Prospero so tender toward Gonzalo?

4. Why does Ariel fly on a bat's back rather than on that of some bird?

5. Why does Prospero say "So, so, so" in line 24, page 72?

6. Why does not Prospero expose the guilt of Antonio and Sebastian (lines 29-32, page 73)?

7. Why does Shakespeare bring the shipmaster and the boatswain into the close of the play?

8. How does this part of Act V connect itself with the first scene of the play?

9. Show how Antonio, Sebastian, Stephano and Trinculo maintain their true natures to the very end of the play.

10. Why does not Shakespeare mete out a more just punishment to Sebastian and Antonio?
11. What do you think are to be Prospero's first and second thoughts (line 10, page 80)?
12. Why does Prospero give up magic?
13. What is an Epilogue?
14. What separate stories have run through the play?
15. How are all of these stories united in the close of the play?
16. Are you satisfied with the way the play ends?
17. Do you like the play?
18. In addition to the songs of Ariel, select at least five passages in the play which are worth memorizing.

NOTES

9: 3. Good. Here the vocative case, good fellow, good sir. Note this same use in lines 9 and 13 on page 10.

10: 2. Room enough. The boatswain is speaking to the storm. "Blow as hard as you please, until you burst your wind if you wish, just so you do not blow us on the land." He wants sufficient sea-room to keep his ship from grounding. Cf. page 19, lines 21 and 22, where Ariel tells Prospero that the ship was near the shore of the island during the storm.

10: 4. Play the men. Act the part of men in spirit and courage.

10: 8. You do assist the storm. By being in the boatswain's way and interfering with his work.

10: 11. Roarer was a term applied to a blustering fellow. It refers here to the waves.

10: 16. Work the peace of the present. Quiet the storm now raging.

10: 23. Complexion is perfect gallows. Complexion means here the nature of the boatswain expressing itself in his reckless attitude toward the storm. Gonzalo feels sure the boatswain will not be drowned, because "he that is born to be hanged needs no fear of drowning." This idea of destiny or fate was prevalent in the sixteenth century. The **rope** of the boatswain's destiny is the hangman's rope.

10: 24. Doth little advantage. Is of little help.

10: 27. Bring her to try wi' the main-course. Keep her close to the wind with the mainsail.

10: 29. Louder than . . . our office. Louder than the orders of the boatswain.

11: 10. Lay . . . a-hold. Keep to the wind. **Two courses.** The foresail and the mainsail. Cf. *main-course* above.

II: 13. Must our mouths be cold? Must we die?

II: 19. Washing of ten tides! An allusion to the method of executing pirates described in contemporary accounts. They were hanged on the shore when the tide was out and left there until the tide had risen over them three times. In this case three tides are not enough.

II: 29. Long heath and brown furze. These simply add to the idea of the barrenness and desolation of the ground which Gonzalo would prefer to the raging sea.

12: 4. Welkin. Sky. This passage may be paraphrased: "The wind drives the waves so high that they reach the clouds and extinguish the lightning."

12: 13. Fraughting souls. The passengers and crew with whom the ship was freighted.

12: 22. More better. The use of the double comparative and superlative was common in Elizabethan English.

12: 26. Meddle. Mingle; "I never thought to try to know more," is what she means.

12: 30. Lie there, my art. The anecdote has come down to us that Burleigh, Lord Treasurer to Queen Elizabeth, upon laying aside his robe at night used to say, "Lie there, Lord Treasurer."

13: 2. Virtue of compassion. The depths of pity.

13: 11. Bootless inquiry. Unavailing inquiry.

13: 18. Out. Completely, fully. Cf. "And be a boy right out," page 63, line 23.

13: 33. Year. Years. The form *year* for *years* is still used by the uneducated.

14: 5. No worse issued. Descended from no lower rank than a princess.

14: 11. Holp. Shortened form of *holpen*, the perfect participle of the Anglo-Saxon verb *helpan*, to help.

14: 13. The teen that I have turn'd you to. The trouble I have been to you.

14: 26. Rapt in secret studies. Absorbed with studies into the occult or mysterious. Prospero was a magician.

14: 31. To trash for overtopping. *Trash* was a hunting term

signifying a strap or weight put on a dog to hold him back. *Overtopping* means overgrowth or growing higher than surrounding objects. The metaphor is mixed. It may be interpreted "to hold back from getting too high in rank or power."

15: 1. **Key of officer and office.** Shakespeare's fondness for wordplay is seen here in the double meaning of *key*; first, as the keys of the office, and secondly, as a tuning key.

15: 8. Closeness. Retirement to the extent of recluseness.

15: 10. But . . . all popular rate. With that which except for the retirement it involved, surpassed all popular estimation of its value.

15: 12. Like a good parent. Dr. Johnson says that this is an allusion to the observation that a man above the common rate of men commonly has a son below it.

15: 20. Like one . . . own lie. One may repeat a falsehood to the extent that it becomes a truth to him. He therefore makes his memory a sinner to the truth.

15: 21. Out o' the substitution. As a result of being my deputy.

15: 22. Outward face. External duties.

15: 27. To have no screen . . . play'd it for. "That there might be nothing between the part assumed and the reality, he was determined to become Duke without any restrictions."—(Deighton, quoted by Furness). Prospero was the screen Antonio had to remove before he could be "absolute Milan."

15: 29. Temporal royalties. Antonio thought that Prospero had spent too much time in his library to be capable of ruling his dukedom.

15: 33. Coronet. Worn by noblemen and inferior to the crown worn by royalty. Cf. *Julius Cæsar*, I, 2, 237. "'Twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets."

16: 4. Condition and the event. The terms of the contract and the result.

16: 12. In lieu o' the premises. In consideration of the terms; i. e., of homage and tribute.

16: 29. Impertinent. Notice the literal meaning: not "to the purpose."

16: 32. Wench. Not the derogatory meaning of present usage, but a term of familiarity.

17: 7. Rats instinctively have quit it. It is said that rats know by instinct when a ship is unsafe and leave it. **Hoist for hoisted.** Sent us off.

17: 16. Deck'd. This word is usually interpreted as *sprinkled*; but does it not mean *covered*? Shakespeare used it in a hyperbolic sense to denote the intensity of Prospero's grief. This interpretation is borne out by the following line, "Under my burden groan'd."

17: 18. Undergoing stomach. Enduring courage. The word stomach was used in Shakespeare's time to mean any strong mental attitude.

17: 27. Steaded much. Been very helpful.

18: 4. Have I, thy schoolmaster, . . . tutors not so careful. "I, thy schoolmaster, have made thee profit more than other princesses could have profited, who have had more time for lighter and more frivolous studies and who have had less careful tutors."

18: 9. Forth is redundant here after *far*.

18: 13. Zenith is the highest point in the celestial hemisphere; *influence* is a term in astrology denoting the power of celestial bodies on one another or on terrestrial bodies. *Zenith* is used in this passage metaphorically to denote the highest point in Prospero's fortune. He says that by courting the influence of a star that is now favorable to him, he will be able to reach the highest point of his fortunes; but if he neglects to court it, his fortunes will droop. He must grasp the opportunity that now presents itself to him, or it will be forever lost to him. Cf. with this passage the following from *Julius Cæsar*, Act IV, 3.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries."

18: 17. **Good dulness.** Convenient sleepiness; convenient to Prospero in plotting with Ariel.

18: 25. **Quality.** Two meanings have been given this term as used here: (1) skill, (2) fellow-spirits.

18: 27. **To point . . . that I bade thee.** In the smallest detail as I bade thee.

18: 31. **Flam'd amazement.** Caused amazement among those on the ship by appearing as a flame.

19: 3. **Jove**, or Jupiter, was the supreme king of the gods. He was called the "thunderer," and was represented as riding in his chariot, hurling the thunderbolt and lashing his enemies with a scourge of lightning.

19: 5. **Sight-outrunning.** Darting faster than the eye could follow.

19: 6. **Neptune** was the god of the waters. His symbol of power was the trident, a three-pronged spear.

19: 13. **Felt a fever of the mad.** Felt the fever that the insane feel.

19: 25. **Sustaining.** The garments that held them up in the water; or that endured the effect of the salt water.

19: 30. **Odd angle.** Lonely corner.

19: 31. **His arms in this sad knot.** His arms folded thus in sorrowful meditation.

20: 4. **Still-vex'd Bermoothes.** The Bermudas always troubled by storms.

20: 6. **Suffer'd labor.** The labor they have undergone.

20: 17. **Two glasses.** Two hours. The reference is to the hour-glass.

21: 1. **Ooze.** Bottom of the ocean. Cf. page 59, line 14.

21: 13. **Argier.** The old name for Algiers.

21: 22. **Blue-eyed hag.** It is not probable that Sycorax had blue eyes, but that she had blue or black circles about her eyes. Shakespeare is trying to represent her as haglike as possible.

22: 4. **Dull thing** is spoken of and to Ariel, who perhaps had not been listening to Prospero.

22: 19. Do my spriting gently. Do my task as a spirit willingly.

23: 17. A south-west. Shakespeare frequently represents the south as having a blighting influence. Cf. *Coriolanus*, I, 4, 30: "All the contagion of the south light on you;" *As You Like It*, III, 5, 50: "Like foggy south puffing with wind and rain;" and *2 Henry IV*, II, 4, 392: "Like the south borne with black vapor."

23: 21. Shall, for that vast of night that they may work, etc. Cf. *Hamlet*, I, 2, 198, for a similar use of vast: "In the dead vast and middle of the night." The different parts of the night appear to have been allotted to various spirits as is indicated in *Lear*, III, 4, 121, where Flibbertigibbet "begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock." This idea would fit the phrase "that they may work."

24: 2. Qualities. What the qualities were is shown in the next line of the text.

24: 7. Which for who was in common use in Shakespeare's time. Cf. "Our Father, which art in heaven" of the Lord's Prayer. (*Authorized version*.)

24: 20. Capable of. Caliban's nature was so thoroughly evil that he was incapable of receiving good influence and teaching.

24: 23. Know thine own meaning. I. e., know the meaning of the sounds you uttered.

24: 31. Red plague. Plagues were not of infrequent occurrence in the 16th century, and contagion from such a source was one of the reasons given against the performance of plays by those opposed to the theater. The disease broke out in 1563, 1586, and 1593. According to Halliwell there were three kinds of plague, red, yellow, and black, the first being prevalent from mid-summer to autumn.

24: 32. Learning me. *Learn* for *teach* was common to the language of the time and not considered ungrammatical.

25: 3. Old. Accustomed. Caliban had no doubt more than once experienced the torture of cramps at the hands of Prospero.

25: 4. Aches. Ache was formerly pronounced *aitch* like the

letter *H*. The plural is a dissyllable and must be so regarded in scanning the line.

25: 8. Setebos. The name of a Patagonian deity or devil.

25: 10. Invisible. It is said that actors in Shakespeare's time wore a particular kind of costume when they wished to appear invisible.

25: 14. Whist. Silent; —“kissed the wild waves into silence.”

25: 18. Dispersedly, within. Here and there in the rear of the stage.

25: 26. Waits upon. Be attendant upon.

26: 10. Nothing of him . . . rich and strange. There is nothing about him that perishes; everything is changed by the sea into something rich and wonderful.

26: 17. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance is, in bald prose, raise your eyelids.

26: 25. Canker. A worm that despoils flowers. Grief is to beauty what the canker is to the rose.

26: 31. It goes on. Prospero's plan to have Miranda and Ferdinand fall in love is succeeding.

27: 8. O you wonder! A play upon Miranda's name. Cf. page 75, line 10.

27: 17. Single has the composite meaning of feeble and companionless.

27: 20. Ebb. A figure from the tides; ebb being low tide, and flood high tide. Ferdinand means that since his father's death his own eyes have been flooded with tears.

27: 24. Brave son. This son of Antonio is not mentioned in the cast of characters, nor is he alluded to elsewhere in the play.

27: 26. More braver. Another instance of the double comparative. Cf. page 12, line 22, and note.

27: 28. Chang'd eyes. It is love at first sight between Miranda and Ferdinand.

27: 30. Have done yourself some wrong. You have injured your honor in usurping the title of King of Naples. Prospero later on in the scene calls Ferdinand a spy and an impostor.

28: 27. Gentle and not fearful. The easiest way to interpret

Miranda's words is to say that Ferdinand was harmless and not terrible; but as he was quite ready to draw his sword to defend himself against Prospero's treatment, he shows a spirit of bravery becoming a prince. Miranda may mean, then, that he is high-spirited and dangerous.

28: 29. My foot my tutor? My daughter so presumptuous as to instruct her father?

30: 19. Watch . . . strike. It is said that striking watches were invented in Nüremberg about 1510, and were called "Nüremberg eggs."

30: 22. When every grief . . . that's offer'd. When every grief that comes is welcomed.

30: 25. Dolor. Note the play on the words *dolor* and *dollar* suggested by the words *entertain'd* and *entertainer*.

31: 7. Which, of he or Adrian. Which of the two, he or Adrian.

31: 15. Ha, ha, ha! Most texts since the *Folio* (1623) assign to Sebastian the words, "Ha, ha, ha! So, you're paid." This is quite reasonable, as Sebastian has lost the wager, a laugh, which he immediately pays.

31: 20. Miss't. He could not keep from saying *yet*; or, he could not do without the island. For *miss* in the latter sense, see page 23, line 4.

31: 23. Temperance is a proper name, like Patience, Faith, and Hope. In line 22 it means temperature, climate.

31: 34. Misses not much. He describes pretty accurately.

32: 13. Sweet. Charming. Sebastian uses *sweet* in an ironical sense as he does the words *prosper well* which follow.

32: 17. Dido. Mythical Queen of Carthage, an ancient city founded by her in northern Africa.

32: 20. Aeneas. A prince in the Trojan war and the hero of Virgil's *Aeneid*. He escaped from the destruction of Troy and went to Italy where his descendants Romulus and Remus later founded the city of Rome. During his wanderings from Troy to Italy, he stayed for a year at the court of Dido in Carthage.

32: 24. Tunis . . . Carthage. Tunis, the capital of Tunis, a

country in northern Africa, is about ten miles from the supposed site of ancient Carthage.

32: 27. Miraculous harp. Amphion, King of Thebes, raised the walls of his city with the magical music of his harp. In like manner Apollo, another great musician, built the walls of Troy. Gonzalo, in making Tunis and Carthage one and the same city, has raised both the walls and the houses, thereby performing a more wonderful feat than Amphion did.

32: 34. Ay? Some editors have adopted Staunton's conjecture that *Ay* should be assigned to Alonso on his awaking from a sleep into which Prospero through Ariel had cast him. This certainly aids in interpreting Antonio's "Why, in good time," which may be regarded as an ironical reference to Alonso's waking. Furthermore, it explains why Gonzalo begins to relate to Alonso what he has been saying to Antonio, Sebastian, and Adrian concerning the freshness of their garments.

33: 8. I mean . . . well fished for. *Sort* means manner. Deighton's explanation of this pun on *sort* seems best of various attempts: "You fished a long time before you succeeded in catching that word *sort*; you have repeatedly tried to make out that our garments are as fresh as if they had never been immersed in the sea, and now at last you qualify your assertion by the word *sort*. In *fished* there is possibly an allusion also to their difficulty in fishing themselves out of the water."

33: 12. Words . . . stomach of my sense. Stomach is here used in its derived sense of appetite. "Your words are as distasteful to my feelings as food is to a stomach that does not relish it." Cf. page 17, line 18, for another use of the word.

33: 26. His for its. The pronoun *its* was only coming into use at the beginning of the seventeenth century. **Wave-worn basis.** Base worn by the waves.

33: 34. Who may have either *she* or *eye* as its antecedent.

34: 1. Importun'd is accented on the second syllable.

34: 3. Weigh'd, between loathness and obedience. Deliberated between reluctance, and obedience to her father.

34: 9. Dear'st. Dear is here used in the sense of costly.

34: 12. And time to speak it in. And it is inopportune.

35: 15. The golden age. The fabulous period when man was innocent of wrong and without need of law and government.

35: 16. Save. God save. Parliament in 1607 passed an act prohibiting the use of oaths in plays. The editors of the *Folio* (1623) perhaps omitted *God* in compliance with this law.

35: 21. To minister occasion. To suggest opportunity.

35: 27. Flat-long. With the flat side, as one strikes with the flat side of a sword instead of with the edge.

35: 28. Brave mettle. Valorous spirit.

35: 31. Bat-fowling. Bird catching. Absence of the moon would help this sport as it was practiced at night with lights.

36: 2. Adventure my discretion. Risk my reputation for being discreet.

36: 4. Go sleep, and hear us. An obscure remark. Perhaps it means, "Go to sleep, and then you will hear whether we laugh at you in your sleep or not."

36: 9. Omit the heavy offer. Neglect the offer of sleep.

36: 24. What might, worthy Sebastian. Compare the conversation between Antonio and Sebastian with that in *Macbeth*, Act I, Scene 5, between Lady Macbeth and her husband.

36: 26. The occasion speaks. The opportunity proclaims.

37: 11. Trebles thee o'er. "Makes thee thrice as great as thou now art."

37: 12. Standing water. Quiet, neither ebbing nor flowing, and ready to listen. Cf. *Twelfth Night*, I, 5, 168. "'Tis with him e'en standing water between boy and man."

37: 17. If you but knew, etc. The passage may be paraphrased: "If you but knew how you support the thought I have in mind while you mock it, and how you entertain it seriously though you try to strip it of seriousness! Those who allow themselves to go backward because of their fear of going forward or because of sloth, frequently find their fortunes at low ebb."

37: 27. This lord of weak remembrance, etc. This lord whose memory is failing will, when he is dead, be as little re-

membered as he now remembers. It is a debated point who is meant by *this lord*, Francisco or Gonzalo.

37: 31. Professes to persuade. Makes a profession or business of persuading.

38: 5. But doubts discovery there. Of all the many attempts to interpret this obscure passage that of Furness seems the simplest: "When ambition has pierced to its furthest wink, there discovery ceases and the crown is found."

38: 12. Beyond man's life. Beyond what a man can travel in a lifetime.

38: 15. From whom. Coming from whom.

38: 16. Cast. Thrown on the shore. *Cast* is also a stage term as in "cast of characters," "cast a part." This suggests the stage terms *act*, *prologue*, and *discharge* (perform). Cf. *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, I, 2, 95: "I will discharge it;" (i. e., the part of Pyramus). Antonio says that the same destiny that *cast* them ashore *casts* them to perform an act to which the past is a prologue and the future is the act (or performance) itself.

38: 32. Make a chough of as deep chat. Cause a chough to chatter as profoundly.

39: 14. If't were a kibe . . . slipper. If it were a chilblain (sore on the heel), I should have to wear a slipper.

39: 17. Twenty consciences . . . molest! Antonio says that if there were twenty consciences between him and the throne of Milan, they might all freeze and then melt before he would allow them to cause him a twinge.

39: 22. Perpetual wink. Everlasting sleep.

39: 23. Ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence. Antonio applies these epithets contemptuously to Gonzalo.

39: 26. Tell the clock. Count the strokes of the clock.

40: 10. His time doth take. Seizes its opportunity. For *his* see note to page 33, line 26.

42: 5. Bear off. Keep off.

42: 8. Bombard. A large leather vessel for holding liquor; so-called perhaps from its resemblance in shape to the earliest cannons in use called *bombards*. Cf. our modern *bombardment*.

- 42: 13. Poor-John. Hake (a species of fish) salted and dried.
- 42: 14. Had this fish painted. Had a painting of this fish to put in front of a booth.
- 42: 15. Make a man. Make a man's fortune.
- 42: 18. A dead Indian. An allusion perhaps to the Indians brought back to England by voyagers to America.
- 42: 19. O' my troth. As I am truthful.
- 42: 22. Gaberdine. An outer garment of coarse cloth. It was formerly worn by the Jews. Cf. *Merchant of Venice*, I, 3, 113.
- 42: 24. Shroud. Take shelter. Though Shakespeare uses the word *shroud* in the sense of *shelter* and *cover* in various places, yet the word may have suggested itself to Trinculo by his reference to the death of Caliban a few lines before.
- 43: 13. On four legs. On crutches.
- 43: 18. Should he learn. Should he have learned.
- 43: 22. Neat's leather. Neat was the old word for cattle.
- 43: 28. I will not take too much for him. No amount of money will be too much for him.
- 43: 31. Trembling. A sign of being possessed by a devil.
- 44: 1. Come on your ways. Come.
- 44: 2. Here is that which will give language to you, cat. The adage, "Good liquor will make a cat speak," was doubtless in Shakespeare's mind when he wrote this passage.
- 44: 11. Amen. Stephano thinks the forward mouth has enough.
- 44: 15. I have no long spoon. Referring to the familiar adage that "He must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil." It occurs in *Comedy of Errors*, IV, 3, 64.
- 44: 22. Moon-calf. An imaginary monstrosity whose deformity was supposed to be due to the influence of the moon.
- 44: 30. Stomach is not constant. The rough weather at sea and the bottle have been too much for Stephano's stomach.
- 45: 9. Kiss the book. I. e., the bottle.
- 45: 17. When time was. Once upon a time.
- 45: 19. Thee, and thy dog, and thy bush. Cf. *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, V, 1, 136. Various traditions have grown up

about the man in the moon, one of which is that the figure is that of Cain with his dog and thorn-bush, the latter being emblematical of thorns and briars of the "fall" and the former of the "foul fiend." Another tradition which has its source in *Numbers*, XV: 32, is that the figure is that of a man leaning on a fork, on which he has been carrying a bundle of sticks picked up on Sunday.

45: 24. Well drawn. A deep draught.

46: 11. Pig-nuts. Nuts that grow in the ground at the end of very crooked roots. It is said that they cannot be pulled out by force, which would account for Caliban's having to dig them.

46: 15. Young scamels from the rock. A vast amount of commentary has grown up around this word *scamels*, and interpretations all the way from shell-fish to sea-gulls and squirrels have been given it. Whatever it was, it was a delicacy and a rare one, for Caliban could get it only "sometimes."

46: 18. Inherit. Take possession. As Stephano thinks the King and all the company are drowned and as Caliban seems to be the only resident on the island, he and Trinculo will take possession of it.

46: 26. Trenchering. A trencher is a large wooden platter from which food was served.

47: 2. And their labor delight in them sets off. Either *labor* or *delight* may be the subject or the object of *sets off*. In view of what Ferdinand says in the line following regarding his attitude toward his task, it seems best to consider *delight* as the subject and *labor* as the object. The passage may accordingly be paraphrased: "The pleasure taken in fanciful sports counterbalances or removes the labor."

47: 4. Most poor matters . . . rich ends. "Most poor matters" means "poorest matters" (superlative of poor), and not the "greater part of poor matters." Paraphrase: "The humblest tasks have rich rewards."

47: 11. Upon a sore injunction. I. e., of punishment if he does not do the work.

47: 15. I forget . . . most busy, least when I do it. This passage has provoked more discussion than any other passage in

all of Shakespeare's works. The *First Folio* reads, "Most busie lest, when I doe it." Later folios read, "Most busie least, when I do it." In any case, the sense of the passage is clear. Ferdinand means that Miranda so fills his thoughts that he forgets to go on with his work; but that these very thoughts are so refreshing that he is more able and willing to work, and they cause him to be busiest when it appears he is least so.

47: 23. Safe. He'll not interfere with us.

48: 13. Visitation was suggested by *infected* in the preceding line and both terms were in common use when the plague prevailed. See note on *red plague*, page 24, line 31.

48: 24. Eyed with best regard. Observed with highest interest.

48: 27. Never any. Never have I liked any.

48: 30. And put it to the foil. And marred it.

49: 10. To like of. To be pleased with.

49: 16. Wooden slavery. Slavery of carrying logs.

49: 27. Invert what best is boded me to mischief! Change the best that is promised me to mischief.

50: 6. To want. From wanting.

50: 7. It. Note the charming delicacy of Miranda, how she refrains from saying the word *love*.

50: 15. Thus humble ever. What is the stage action of Ferdinand as he says these words?

50: 18. E'er of. I. e., ever willing for.

50: 23. Are surprised for am surprised.

50: 24. Book. Book of magic. Cf. page 17, lines 27-30.

50: 26. Business appertaining. Work that is incumbent.

50: 27. Tell not me. Don't talk to me.

50: 28. Bear up and board are nautical terms, the first meaning run the ship into the wind, or make ready to attack; the second, fight hand to hand. Of course in Stephano's drunken slang they simply mean *drink*.

51: 1. The folly of this island. Thought by some to be a toast proposed by Trinculo.

51: 5. Set. Fixed, as in a stare. Cf. *Twelfth Night*, V, 1, 204,

"Oh, he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour agone; His eyes were set at eight i' the morning."

51: 10. Off and on. To and fro.

51: 12. List. Please. Cf. "The wind bloweth where it listeth." *John*, III: 8. Standard. Standard bearer. Trinculo then plays on the word by saying that Caliban is no standard because he's too drunk to stand.

51: 21. In case to justle. In a mood to fight.

51: 27. Quoth. Says. Quoth is "used with an ironical or sarcastic implication."

52: 7. Jesting monkey. Reference to Trinculo as King Stephano's jester. Cf. *pied ninny* and *patch*, line 25.

52: 11. By this hand. A petty oath. Cf. line 31.

52: 25. Pied ninny. Parti-colored fool. So called because the professional jester wore motley, or a dress of various colors. *Patch* is explained in the same way.

52: 32. Stock-fish. The stock-fish (dried cod) was beaten before it was cooked.

53: 11. Stand farther off. Stephano may say this to Trinculo as a warning that he will get another blow if he gets too close; or it may be said to Caliban whose "ancient, fish-like smell" was disagreeable. The former seems the better interpretation for Trinculo says just above that he will go farther off.

53: 17. Seiz'd his books. Magicians were supposed to be powerless without the aid of their books. Cf. the injunction in Milton's *Comus*, line 653, to seize the wand of Comus.

53: 18. Paunch him with a stake. Run a stake into his belly.

53: 23. Burn but his books. Only burn his books, i. e., do not fail to burn them.

53: 25. Brave utensils . . . deck withal. Brave utensils with which he will deck his house when he has it. *Utensils* is accented on the first and third syllables.

53: 26. To consider. To be considered.

53: 32. Is it. For other unusual uses of personal pronouns, see page 23, line 1, and note to page 33, line 26.

54: 15. Any reason. Anything reasonable.

54: 17. Thought is free. Cf. *Twelfth Night*, I, 3, 73: "Now, Sir, 'thought is free.'"

54: 21. Picture of Nobody. This perhaps alludes to a print on the title-page of an old comedy, *Nobody is Somebody* (1606). This print depicted the figure of a man without a body, but with head, arms, and legs. Or it may be an allusion to the sign in front of the shop of one John Trundle for whom the above-mentioned comedy was printed, for the title-page bears the inscription: "Printed for John Trundle and are to be sold at his shop in the Barbican, at the sign of No-body."

55: 10. Story. Caliban's account of how Prospero may be killed and the result.

55: 16. By'r lakin. By our little lady (The Virgin Mary).

55: 18. Forthrights and meanders. Straight paths and winding paths.

55: 28. Out of hope of Ferdinand's being alive.

56: 11. Above. The usual Elizabethan stage consisted of three parts: the front stage, the rear stage separated from the front stage by a traverse or curtain, and the balcony over the rear stage. It is in the balcony that Prospero appears, from which point, according to the conventions of the theater, he would be invisible to Ferdinand and Miranda though of course visible to the audience.

56: 12. Living drollery. A drollery was a puppet-show in which the figures were wooden dolls; a *living drollery* would then be a show in which the characters are live personages.

56: 13. Unicorns. Fabulous one-horned animals.

56: 14. One tree . . . one phoenix. In Llyl's *Euphues and his England* is found the following: "As there is but one Phoenix in the world, so is there but one tree in Arabia, wherein she buildeth." The phoenix is a fabulous bird reputed to exist single, to bring about its own death by fire and then to rise again from its own ashes. It is an emblem of immortality.

57: 7. Praise in departing. A proverbial expression meaning wait and see how the entertainment ends before you praise it.

57: 16. Wallets of flesh. Instead of accepting the interpretation, *goitre*, which has usually been given this phrase, Furness quotes from a chapter on *The Satyre* in a collection of travelers' tales of the Middle Ages made by Gesner: "Satyres have no humain conditions in them, nor other resemblance of men beside their outward shape. . . . They carry their meat under their chin as in a store-house, and from thence being hungry they take it forth to eate." Furness is of the opinion "that the pouched apes gave rise to the story."

57: 17. Men whose heads stood in their breasts. Cf. *Othello*, I, 3, 144, 145. "The Anthropophagi and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders." Shakespeare may have read such accounts in the travel literature of his time.

57: 18. Each putter-out of five for one. Each traveler who insures at the rate of five pounds for one pound. The following from Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humor*, II, 1, makes this passage plain and illustrates the peculiar form of life insurance in vogue at the time: "I do intend . . . to travel, and . . . I am determined to put forth some five thousand pound to be paid me five for one upon the return of myself, my wife, and my dog from the Turk's court in Constantinople. If all or either of us miscarry in the journey, 'tis gone; if we be successful, why, there will be five and twenty thousand pound to entertain time withal." Less hazardous expeditions insured at lower rates.

58: 5. Still-closing waters. The waters that constantly close over the wounds made in them by the swords.

58: 6. Dowle. Feathery or wool-like down. Webster's *International Dictionary* cites a late use of the word by DeQuincey: "No feather, or *dowle* of a feather."

58: 19. Worse . . . at once. Worse than our sudden death can be.

58: 25. A grace it had, devouring. An absorbing charm.

58: 28. With good life and observation strange. In a very lifelike manner and with remarkable care.

59: 1. My meaner ministers . . . have done. My humbler spirits their respective characters have performed.

59: 10. It. His crime, the *trespass* against Prospero. For a similar use of the indefinite *it*, see page 50, line 7, and note.

59: 13. Bass my trespass. Announced my guilt in deep tones.

59: 17. But one fiend at a time. Let the fiends come singly.

59: 22. Gins to bite. Begins to cause anguish to.

60: 3. A thread of my own life. The word *thread* is an emendation of the *First Folio* reading *third*, and has caused much comment. In the light of the line following, *Or that for which I live*, the adherents of the *Folio* reading generally interpret the word as the third of what Prospero lives for, viz., his daughter, himself, and his dukedom. Those who adopt the emendation *thread* of the present text, regard the word as meaning a *fibre* or *portion* of his life, one of his very heartstrings, which Prospero gives to Ferdinand in bestowing Miranda upon him.

60: 13. Against an oracle. Though an oracle pronounced otherwise.

60: 19. Aspersion. Used here in its primitive meaning of *sprinkling*, as of dew or rain. In the Roman Catholic church the Asperges is the sprinkling of the congregation with holy water by the priest.

60: 22. Weeds. The custom was to deck the nuptial bed with flowers.

60: 24. Take heed, As Hymen's lamps shall light you. Hymen was the god of marriage. The passage means "Be careful to do nothing that Hymen's lamps do not guide you to do."

60: 28. Opportune. Accented on the second syllable.

61: 1. Worser genius can. Genius here means the good or evil spirit within a person governing his conduct. Worser. Double comparative. Cf. page 12, line 22, and page 27, line 26. Can. Can make.

61: 4. Phoebus' steeds. Phoebus was the god of the sun and drove around the world in a chariot drawn by four horses.

61: 10. Meaner fellows. More humble companions. Cf. *meaner ministers*, page 58, line 28.

61: 23. Mop and mow. Facial grimaces.

62: 1. Good night your vow. Farewell to your vow.

62: 8. No tongue . . . silent. Noise would break the spell.
Cf. page 64, lines 20-21.

62: 9. Iris. The rainbow. She was the special attendant and messenger of Juno. Ceres. Goddess of agriculture.

62: 13. Pioned and lilded brims. Lilded is substituted in this passage for the word *twilled* of the *First Folio*. The line means that the banks are covered with peonies (marsh-marigolds) and lilies. The passage has aroused considerable discussion. Furness concludes, "We have simply lost the meaning of the words *pioned* and *twilled*, which were perfectly intelligible to Shakespeare's audience."

62: 15. Broom groves. As the broom plant does not grow to a height sufficient to call it a "grove," the emendation *brown* (Hanmer's) has been rather generally accepted.

62: 17. Dismissed bachelor . . . being lass-lorn. The rejected suitor being forsaken by his sweetheart. Pole-clipt vineyard is one where the vines are twined around poles. Clip means to embrace. Cf. *Winter's Tale*, V, 2: "Then again worries he his daughter with clipping her;" *Antony and Cleopatra*, IV, 8, 8: "Clip your wives."

62: 19. Queen o' the sky. Juno.

62: 23. Peacocks. Juno's chariot was drawn by peacocks.

62: 28. Honey-drops. Drops of rain as sweet as honey.

63: 1. Bosky. Wooded. Cf. Milton's *Comus*, I, 313. "And every bosky bourn from side to side."

63: 8. Venus or her son. Venus was the goddess of beauty. Cupid was her son.

63: 10. Dusky Dis my daughter got. Pluto, the god of the lower regions, kidnapped Proserpina, Ceres' daughter.

63: 15. Paphos. A town in the island of Cyprus in which there was a temple to Venus.

63: 16. Dove-drawn. Venus' chariot was drawn by doves.

63: 20. Mars' hot minion is returned again. I. e., gone back to Paphos. Minion means darling.

63: 23. Waspish-headed son . . . boy right out. Cupid was easily irritated, and he is so chagrined at not being able to do

“Some wanton charm upon this man and maid” that he vows he will no longer act the love-god but play with his sparrows (sacred to his mother, Venus) and be a genuine boy.

63: 24. Highest queen of state. I. e., queen of highest state.

64: 6. Spring come . . . end of harvest. Two interpretations have been given this couplet. Mrs. Kemble says it means “that spring shall rapidly succeed autumn, leaving the dreary winter out of the calendar” and quotes *Leviticus XXVI*, 5: “And your threshing shall reach unto the vintage, and the vintage shall reach unto the sowing time.” Staunton quotes Spenser’s *Faerie Queene*, III, 6, 42:

“There is a continuall Spring, and harvest there,
Continall, both meeting at one tyme.”

He refers also to *Amos*, IX, 13: “Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that the plowman shall overtake the reaper, and the treader of grapes him that soweth seed.”

64: 10. Harmonious charmingly. Charmingly harmonious, charmingly being used in the sense of a magical charm.

64: 16. A wonder’d father. A father able to perform wonders.

64: 23. Sedg’d crowns. Crowns of sedge.

65: 21. Rack. Drifting, vapory clouds. Used here perhaps to refer to the thin gauze stage hangings behind which the characters disappeared in productions of masques and pageants.

66: 2. Come with a thought. Come with the speed of thought.

66: 5. Meet with. Oppose.

66: 16. Advanc’d their eyelids. Cf. page 26, line 17 and note.

66: 21. Filthy mantled. Scum-covered.

66: 23. O’erstunk their feet. Stank worse than their feet.

67: 2. Even to roaring. Until they roar.

67: 3. On this line. Two explanations have been given this:

(1) Clothes-line, (2) line or linden tree which was called line tree or simply line. Ariel refers to this tree later: “In the line-grove which weather-fends your cell.” Page 69, line 23.

67: 7. Played the Jack. Jack-o’-Lantern. Cf. *firebrand*, page 41, line 19. Another common meaning of Jack is knave.

67: 13. Hoodwink. To cover up. Caliban uses the word in our sense of "to make up for."

67: 20. O'er ears. I. e., in the filthy-mantled pool.

67: 29. O King Stephano! O peer! An allusion to an old song a stanza of which Shakespeare uses in *Othello*, II, 3, 90-95:

"King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear
With that he call'd the tailor lown."

68: 11. Strange stuff . . . "he will pinch our skins black and blue, and thus make us into a strange stuff."

68: 13. Under the line. Stephano probably slips the jerkin under his belt; or, the phrase was possibly a slang one for "hanging by the neck."

68: 14. Lose your hair. This may refer to the line. Clothes-lines were made of hair in the sixteenth century. Cf. Lyly's *Midas*: "All my mistres' lynes that she dryes her cloathes on, are made only of mustachio stufte." (The cuttings of mustaches).

68: 15. By line and level. Trinculo continues to pun on *line*. *Line* and *level* are carpenter's terms. The phrase means "according to rule."

68: 18. Pass of pate. Stroke of wit, *pass* being a technical term in fencing.

68: 20. Lime. Bird-lime, a sticky substance put on trees to catch birds. Cf. *Macbeth*, IV, 2, 34: "Poor bird! thou'ldest never fear the net nor lime." As line and lime referring to trees were interchangeable terms, Trinculo is still punning on *line*.

68: 22. Lose our time. That is, the time to kill Prospero before he wakes. Cf. page 54, line 7.

68: 23. Barnacles. Geese. Contemporary accounts tell of a species of goose bred out of shell-fish which grew on trees.

68: 24. Foreheads . . . low. The Elizabethans regarded high foreheads as a mark of beauty. Cf. *Antony and Cleopatra*, III, 3, 35, and *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, IV, 4, 198.

68: 27. Go to. A term of various meanings. Here it is equivalent to "come on."

69: 14. Time goes upright with his carriage. Time instead of bending under his burden, as he is usually represented, walks erect. Prospero means that all of his plans are succeeding.

69: 23. Weather-fends your cell. Protects your cell from the weather.

69: 24. Till your release. Till you release them.

70: 12. That relish all as sharply passion as they. *Relish* means feel, *all* means quite, and *passion* means joy or sorrow, and is the accusative after *relish*. The passage then means, "that feels joy or sorrow quite as sharply as they." **Kindlier.** Not in the sense of "compassion," but in the sense of "more naturally," "like one of my kind." Cf. the use of *kind* in the preceding line.

70: 22. Ye elves . . . potent art. The greater part of this passage has its origin in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, VII, 197-214, which Shakespeare had doubtless read in Golding's translation (1567).

70: 27. Green sour ringlets. Circles of darker green grass than the surrounding greensward, and more bitter to the taste. These circles were popularly supposed to be caused by the fairies dancing in a ring.

70: 29. Midnight mushrooms. Mushrooms grow up quickly in the course of a night. They too were attributed to fairies.

70: 30. Rejoice to hear . . . curfew. Fairies and spirits sported only at night.

70: 31. Weak masters. Inferior masters of magical powers when unaided.

70: 35. Jove's stout oak. The oak was sacred to Jupiter.

71: 14. Unsettled fancy. Troubled imagination.

71: 15. Boil'd. Cf. *Winter's Tale*, III, 3, 63: "Would any but these boil'd brains of nineteen and two-and-twenty hunt this weather?" Cf. also *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, V, 1, 4, "Lovers and madmen have such seething brains."

71: 19. Mine eyes . . . drops. "Mine eyes, fully in sympathy with the appearance of thine, let fall compassionate tears."

71: 22. Ignorant fumes. The mists that cause ignorance.

72: 9. Reasonable shore. As Prospero dissolves the spell he has cast around them, their reason slowly returns.

72: 13. Discase me. Put off my disguise.

72: 14. Sometime Milan. When Duke of Milan.

72: 18. When owls do cry. At night.

72: 20. After summer. "In pursuit of summer," not "after summer has gone."

73: 11. Trifle to abuse. Phantom to deceive.

73: 16. An if this be at all. If this be a reality.

73: 17. Resign. Surrender. Antonio had made the dukedom of Milan a fief to Alonso, King of Naples (page 15, lines 30-33).

73: 18. My wrongs. The wrongs done you by me.

73: 26. Taste some subtleties. Experience some deceptions. Subtleties, however, was a cooking term for a device in pastry. Wright quotes from Fabyan's *Chronicle*, which gives an account of the feast at the coronation of Catherine, Queen of Henry V: "And a sotyltie called a Pellycane sytting on his nest." The word *taste* doubtless suggested the word *subtleties*.

73: 34. No. The emendation *now* has been suggested.

74: 15. Of whose soft grace. From whose gentle favor.

74: 19. As great to me as late. As great to me as it is recent.

74: 21. Supportable . . . comfort you. Transpose this passage into its prose order and the meaning becomes plain: "And I have much weaker means than you may call to comfort you to make the dear loss supportable." Prospero has lost his only child, while Alonso has a daughter to comfort him.

74: 30. Do so much admire . . . reason. Are so greatly astonished that they cannot believe their reason.

74: 31. Their eyes do offices of truth . . . natural breath. That their eyes perform their functions truthfully and that their words are those of real live men.

75: 4. Not a relation for a breakfast. Not a story brief enough to be told at breakfast.

75: 12. Discovers. He reveals them by drawing a curtain.

75: 16. You should wrangle . . . would. Should you wrangle I would, etc.

76: 23. Was Milan thrust from Milan? Was Prospero, the Duke of Milan, thrust from his Duchy of Milan?

76: 31. When no man was his own. When no man was his own master.

77: 6. Safely found. Found safe.

77: 8. Three glasses. Three hours. Cf. *three hours*, page 75, line 32. Cf. also, page 20, line 17. Note that the unity of time, one of the three Classical Unities, is adhered to in this play.

77: 23. Freshly beheld. Beheld fresh.

77: 25. Capering to eye her. Dancing at beholding her. On a trice. In a moment.

78: 6. Single I'll resolve you. I'll explain to you privately.

78: 8. Every these happen'd accidents. All the events that have occurred.

78: 15. Shift for all the rest, etc. Stephano is still under the influence of his bottle.

78: 27. Plain fish. A mere fish.

78: 28. Badges. Devices, worn by servants on their livery and usually bearing the shield or coat of arms of their masters.

79: 1. Deal in her command without her power. Wield her authority beyond her sphere or power.

79: 11. Gilded 'em. Made them drunk. There is perhaps a reference to the *aurum potabile* (drinkable gold), the elixir of life of the alchemists. Perhaps also the faces of Trinculo and Stephano are glowing, as they are both drunk.

79: 15. Fear fly-blowing. Flies will not blow pickled meat. Trinculo is punning on *pickle*.

80: 4. Accidents gone by. Events that have happened.

80: 10. My grave. On my death.

80: 29. Help of your good hands. An invitation to the audience to applaud. Noise would break the spell.

81: 1. Gentle breath of yours. Your good will.

81: 6. Prayer. Many plays concluded with a prayer for the sovereign.

81: 8. Mercy itself. The merciful God.

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